THE LIVING AGE

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for November, 1934

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

WHEN this issue was being prepared, the admission of Russia to the League of Nations looked like the big event of the month, if not of the half-year. Luckily, we were also preparing for trouble in Spain, so that the uprisings that have occurred since our articles went to the printer have an even greater timeliness than we anticipated. But there was no foreseeing the assassination of King Alexander and Foreign Minister Barthou, which certainly represents the gravest threat to the peace of Europe since Archduke Francis Ferdinand met the same fate at Sarajevo twenty years ago.

OUR symposium of articles on Russia at Geneva begins with the editorial that *Izvestia*, official organ of the Russian Government, printed the day after the Soviets entered the League. It explains how a nation controlled by an international organization which frankly admits that world revolution is its final goal feels itself able to work with the League for peace. Our second article on Russia and the League is probably the shrewdest of the lot. Written by a radical who fears that the dawn of world revolution will have to be postponed but who feels that the Russian Communists have done the best they could under the circumstances, it argues that Russia has become a powerful force for world stability.

THE Tory *Saturday Review* of London naturally takes the opposite view and regards Russia's admission to polite society as a dangerous blow at the British Empire, which, of course, is synonymous with the greatest welfare of the greatest number of people on the earth's surface. Other British journals equally hostile to Russia did not take such an alarmist view, thus suggesting that the British Foreign Office is not greatly disturbed and even hopes that Russia may be in the position of the young lady from Niger who went for a ride on a tiger.

OUR Russian symposium also includes an article describing Lenin's pre-war sojourns in Geneva, written by one of his revolutionary comrades. It shows him as a studious and quiet individual, who had no use for bohemians and small talk and certainly could never have anticipated the scenes now being enacted in his haunts of exile.

LAST month we presented a 'mirror to Japan' in the form of two articles by supporters of the present government and a third descriptive piece. This month we present two less sympathetic views—one by a native son on the peasants of Japan, the other on the Japanese worker by a contributor to the *Manchester Guardian*, which wants to paint as black a picture as possible in view of the inroads that Japan has made on England's textile industry.

FROM the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* we translate an article on the Japanese press that contains a mine of information for any student of contemporary Japan and that also presents a history of the Japanese newspaper business. Finally, we turn to H. R. Gola, who lives in Yunnan, for an account of the present state of mind in that part of the world toward the danger of a Far Eastern war. In spite of Russia's entrance to the League of Nations, he reports that extreme nervousness prevails and gives the impression that the long-anticipated clash between Russia and Japan cannot be postponed another year.

OUR three articles on Spain make any further comment on the recent events there superfluous. The first piece, translated from the Russian, gives the best summary we have seen anywhere of the different forces at work—especially the

(*Continued on page 282*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

November, 1934 *Volume 347, Number 4418*

The World Over

AS THE YEAR draws to a close the wave of civil war and revolution that broke over Europe early last February continues unabated, France, Austria, Germany, Spain, and Yugoslavia having all felt its effects. Anyone who recalls Joaquín Maurín's 'Spain between Revolutions' in our July issue can hardly have been surprised by the latest proletarian uprising in that country, and this month we present more information of the same character in a group of three articles that leave little more to be said here. We have not, however, yet received any foreign reports of the Marseilles murders and must therefore confine our comments to material that arrived before the European balance of power received its most profound jolt since Hitler became chancellor of Germany.

For the deaths of both King Alexander and Foreign Minister Barthou removed two of the strongest foundations on which France was building a ring of alliances around Germany. The King of Yugoslavia had forced a pro-French foreign policy on his country as vigorously and over as much opposition as he had enforced a pro-Serbian domestic policy. No successor could be more devoted to the cause of France, and almost any successor might turn Yugoslavia, and hence the whole Little Entente, toward Germany. In fact, the London *Economist* anticipated as much while King Alexander was still alive:—

> Yugoslavia, for instance, might repudiate a French alliance that would require her to be on good behavior toward Italy; Poland, a French alliance that would involve a similar bearing toward Russia; and Hungary, an Italian alliance that

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implied a renunciation of Hungarian claims against the Little Entente. Again, neither Yugoslavia nor Rumania is afraid of Germany, while neither of them cares to have Russia for an official friend. Thus, a new pan-European combination against Germany might soon find itself deprived of Polish, Hungarian, Yugoslav, and Rumanian support; and if all, or even any, of these countries did gravitate toward Germany, the 'iron ring' around the Third Reich would be seriously weakened.

Concerning King Alexander's domestic policy, the less said the better: Louis Adamic's *The Native's Return* makes unnecessary any further comment here on the good riddance of bad rubbish that has just occurred.

ALTHOUGH Foreign Minister Barthou of France had little more to recommend him than King Alexander, his position made him not only the keystone of European stability but also an almost equally important factor in the domestic stability of France. Even the London *Times* once called him 'a frank exponent of the old diplomacy,' and in August we quoted the London *Spectator* as criticizing Barthou for elaborating 'a new (or, in reality,) a very old and dangerous European policy.' By October, however, with Russia in the League, Barthou's policy had gone so far that he either had to continue building his ring of alliances around Germany or admit failure and lose the support of some of his friends in Central Europe. As an old-fashioned diplomat he carried many of his schemes in his head, and his successor will have a hard time carrying on. Furthermore, his death has precipitated a Cabinet crisis shortly after Premier Doumergue's desperate appeal to the people for support. The National-Union Government that came into existence last February can hardly be described as a success. It has failed to clear up the Stavisky affair, it almost split last summer when Tardieu accused ex-Premier Chautemps of shielding Stavisky, it has a bad press. The Socialists, who formed a united front with the Communists last summer, will not support it under any circumstances, and even some of the Radicals have become hostile.

Emmanuel Berl, editor of *Marianne*, a weekly paper of Leftist sympathies, writes:—

The Government has discovered that the French lack patriotic fervor and moral rigidity. M. Doumergue reproaches them chiefly for their lack of patriotic fervor, and M. Tardieu, as one might expect of him, reproaches them chiefly for their lack of moral rigidity. We thought that after the vacation the Government would render an account to us. Not at all. It is they who are demanding one of us. By a bizarre about-face we find ourselves being interpellated at the very time when the Chambers are renouncing their privilege of interpellating the Government.

Pierre Gaxotte, a member of the French Academy and a regular contributor to *Candide*, expresses the attitude of the conservatives toward the Doumergue Government:—

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> France was grateful to M. Doumergue for bringing a little fresh air to the state. She was grateful to him because he came from his own countryside and his own village, because he spoke as he speaks at home, because he had the common sense to say the things that everyone said. To-day France would like a government in which she recognizes herself, a government that does not sling mud in her face, a government that does not live on scandals and filth and that does not sanctify as representatives of the people men whom the people are obliged to renounce as soon as they have been elected.

THE CONDITION of France more than accounts for these misgivings. Adrien Marquet, the Socialist Minister of Labor, has informed Doumergue that there are more unemployed in France to-day than at any time since the War. Most countries hit their lowest depths in 1932, but in France unemployment has increased 44 per cent in the provinces since that year, 14 per cent in the Paris suburbs, and has fallen less than 2 per cent in Paris itself. The total official figure—by no means complete—shows a rise from 266,723 in August, 1932, to 325,723, in August of this year. Industrial output has also turned in the wrong direction. In 1929 and 1930 it stood at 139 (basis 100 in 1913), fell to 93 in 1932, rose to 112 in 1933, and dropped to 97 in July of this year. The engineering, building, metal, leather, and textile industries have all sunk below the prewar level, textiles having fallen to 58 per cent of the 1913 output. Prices on the stock exchange have declined without interruption since 1931, a group of 300 representative shares having fallen from 501 in August, 1929, to 189 in August, 1934. The London *Statist's* Paris correspondent attributes the troubles of France to the overprotection of agriculture:—

> The point stressed is that agriculture is being overprotected at the expense of industry. This overprotection, moreover, not only causes artificial restriction of French exports of industrial products but serves to keep up the cost of living and therefore of production and so checks industrial exports, even where they are not restricted by tariffs and quotas. It remains to be seen, however, whether the power of the agricultural vote will not prevent any modification of the Government's policy, for agriculture is already disgusted with its treatment, despite price fixing, import quotas, and tariffs; and one of the strongest attacks being prepared for the Government at the coming session will be from this direction.

SINCE THE ASSASSINATION of Chancellor Dollfuss in July, the Austrian Government has not enjoyed the support of more than one-third of the country but has been able to remain in power because no other government could command a larger following. Austria to-day is about equally divided into three groups—the Socialists, who are strongest in Vienna, the Nazis, who are strongest in Styria, and the Catholic Socialists, who are strongest in the country districts. Of the Socialists, a correspondent of the Independent Labor Party's *New Leader* writes from Vienna:—

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The Social Democrats have changed their name to United Revolutionary Socialists, and the change is one of spirit and method as well as of name. They are securing a circulation of 30,000 daily for the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, although the paper is illegal. In addition to this paper, which is brought over the frontier from Czechoslovakia, they issue a weekly, the *Revolution*, printed secretly in Vienna itself.

The Revolutionary Socialists have just succeeded in uniting with a large number of local Revolutionary-Socialist groups, who had been working independently because they were so disillusioned by the official leadership preceding the February struggle. Whilst the United Party remains affiliated to the Second International, it is definitely revolutionary and in favor of the United Front.

The Communist Party has grown from insignificance to considerable strength. It now includes some of the ablest and most reliable local leaders in the Schutzbund. There is a good deal of dissatisfaction, however, with the leadership, upon which the Communist International insists. Unless a leadership acceptable to the members is recognized, a large part of the new membership is likely to withdraw.

Another Vienna correspondent, this one writing for the *New Statesman and Nation*, describes the Austrian Nazis as follows:—

National Socialism still thrives upon anti-clericalism and hatred of Italy, and the more devout Nazis are as unshaken by July as the Socialists by February. Both have their heroic dead. The problem of Styria, that is to say, is as insoluble as the problem of Vienna. For Styria is a kind of East Prussia; the Styrian is tremendously proud of Styria as an outpost of Germanism. Protestantism is stronger there than elsewhere in Austria, and the Protestant pastors are everywhere notoriously Nazi. In August there was no one to bring in the harvest because all the young men were in prison or refugees abroad. But there is more to Styria than this, for Styria produces first-class iron and is the seat of Austria's one giant heavy-industry concern, the Alpine Montangesellschaft. Over 50 per cent of its shares are in the hands of Thyssen and the German Steel Trust, and the Alpine Montan has given its employees every kind of encouragement to be Nazi. Rintelen, whose influence in Styria was boundless, was closely associated with the directors of the Alpine Montan. Austria cannot afford to lose the Alpine Montan's market in Germany while rearmament keeps up the demand for iron; the Germans, moreover, seem able to pay their Styrian debts.

The same correspondent expressed a high regard for the ability of Chancellor Schuschnigg:—

While Dollfuss played the child-dictator, running delightfully from Uncle Pius to Uncle Benito, Schuschnigg, though younger in years, revives the Seipel tradition and compels perhaps a more serious respect. It would be too ominous to say that this is a less friendly Brüning; the new chancellor is a shy, but not an isolated, man. Kurt von Schuschnigg was a general's son; he was born on the old Italian frontier at Riva on Lake Garda, and he studied at Innsbruck. If he cannot rally the peasants of lower Austria as the peasant Dollfuss could, he is probably on easier terms with his vice chancellor, Prince Starhemberg. With a Tyrolese tradition behind him, he will probably wish to be less completely dependent upon Italy, and the changes in international relations may help him to gain a wider measure of support abroad. The Czechs, for instance, may feel able to make economic concessions within a wider Rome agreement. Schuschnigg believes in a

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German-Catholic cultural mission in the old Hapsburg tradition, but, while his monarchist wishes are well known, no one seems to feel that a restoration is visibly nearer.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT question of what England's attitude will be toward the system of alliances that Barthou was building in Europe and that his successor will certainly try to continue receives a typically guarded answer in a leading editorial of the London *Times*. Speaking unofficially for the British Cabinet just after it had devoted a confidential session to European problems, the *Times* defined England's attitude toward Austria as follows:—

The British Government would have little public support in committing itself to definite action in advance and is unlikely to bind itself by any new convention; but it must not be understood on that account to be tied, if the emergency should arise, to a policy of mere inaction. No government and no public opinion resent more firmly the covetous policy of Germany toward Austria and the reckless methods by which it has been pursued; and, if the attempt to bully Austria into union with the National-Socialists of northern Germany were indefinitely continued, public opinion might be ready to sanction extreme measures against an unrepentant and militarist Germany.

As far as southeastern Europe is concerned, the *Times* makes two demands. First, it insists that Hungary must be included in any pact that Austria's neighbors may sign to guarantee that country's independence and confesses in the next breath that Hungary would refuse to make any promises to maintain the *status quo*. Second, it insists even more strongly on an understanding between Italy and Yugoslavia, admitting at the same time that the prospects of such an understanding are slim indeed. In short, England foresees trouble in the Balkans and Austria and refuses to commit herself in advance. She does, however, indicate that she would oppose any sudden German lunge in that direction.

THE PROTESTANT and Catholic Churches reflect more openly than any other bodies the internal struggle that is going on in Germany today. Out of some 17,000 Protestant pastors, 7,000 have identified themselves with the Confessional Synod,—originally known as the Emergency League,—which broke away from Reichs Bishop Müller, Primate of the German Evangelical Church. Not only have nearly all the outstanding pastors in Germany refused to decorate their churches with banners bearing the swastika imposed on the cross, many others silently sympathize with their stand. The result is the bitterest period of religious persecution in centuries. Hundreds of pastors have been dismissed, not because they are hostile to National Socialism or unification of different Protestant sects, but because they will not submit to dictation by the

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state. The Catholics have offered stronger opposition to the Government. During the plebiscite of August 19 the increase in the 'no' votes was entirely confined—with the exception of Hamburg and Berlin—to the predominantly Catholic districts, and a contributor to the London *Spectator*, R. H. S. Crossman, has described as follows the impact of the Nazi movement on the Catholic peasants of Württemberg, with whom he worked last summer:—

> The schoolmaster has come into open conflict with the priest, and it is on the harmony of church and school that the whole village happiness depends. As one sturdy peasant said to me after ten days' distrustful silence: 'When this thing smashes up, that schoolmaster will be lucky if he gets out alive: he does not believe in the miracles.' The man who said that was a quiet, respectable farmer of fifty. For him the coming of the Nazis could bring no benefit. As a government he regarded them as in no way differing from any of their predecessors. To the peasant all governments have but one policy—to extort most of his scanty winnings and hand them over to the clamorous proletariat of the idle towns. To such a policy he is fully accustomed; but the Nazis have not been content with that. They have not only tried to take his money, but they have dared to lay hands on the church, the one eternal value he knows. 'What's wrong with the new bosses,' said my friend again, 'is that they are not cultured men like our old Catholic Württemberg ministers; they have not had the training or lived themselves into the tradition. They are raw townsmen, not gentlemen.'

According to Mr. Crossman, the deepest and most fatal weakness of National Socialism lies in its contempt for tradition and its bumptious confidence that a new way of life can be created overnight on a basis of racial hatred and party patriotism.

SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, the Nazis appear to have had more success in improving the economic condition of Germany than in improving the popular morale. Certainly they have not raised the standard of living, but they have made considerable headway in reducing unemployment. Jobs have been spread, wages per capita reduced, and above all experiments in autarky have created an artificial inefficiency that requires more work to do the same job less well. The textile industry, for instance, is probably going to be able to get along with only half as much wool as it has used heretofore thanks to the use of *Kunstspinnfaser*, a synthetic fibre made of rayon waste. And *Kunstharz*, or bakelite, made of distilled coal and timber, has replaced some of the non-ferrous metals used in the automobile, aviation, and electrical industries. Since 1932 two-thirds of the decline in industrial production that occurred during the depression has been erased, but the value of Germany's output has not increased correspondingly. The price of German farm products, however, has suffered no such decline. Rye, which costs 56 marks a ton in Rotterdam, costs 159 marks in Germany; wheat, which costs 69

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marks a ton in Liverpool, costs 199 marks; eggs, which cost 3½ pfennigs each in Copenhagen, cost 8 pfennigs across the German frontier. Such is the price of autarky.

FIVE MONTHS AGO four hundred Polish miners lost their jobs in France and were shipped back to their native country by the French authorities. The Polish Government immediately retaliated by suing two French directors of the Zyrardow textile mill on the ground that they had swindled the stockholders and the state. The German press also played up the 'Zyrardow Affair,' using it to pry Poland still further away from its alliance with France. According to the *Neue Weltbühne* of Prague, however, the whole business—not only the Zyrardow affair but the Polish-German rapprochement—is the creation of Sir Henri Deterding, who is working for a Polish-German-Hungarian alliance and is receiving some coöperation from the British Foreign Office. This is the idea:—

> Sir Henri Deterding pays his agents, Wozniazki, a notorious White Guardist, and his companion, Awalow. The working capital that the English Electrical Company, Metropolitan Vickers, and Westinghouse Saxby have invested in Poland is also under the control of Sir Henri Deterding, who is bending every effort to build a front against Soviet Russia. Germany and Poland are the horses on which he is laying his money. The Zyrardow affair is therefore not to be regarded as a mere attack on foreign capital. It is preparing the way for a new political orientation and has already created a crisis in the Polish cabinet.

OUR ARTICLES on 'Russia at Geneva' cover the larger implications of Russia's admittance to the League of Nations; here we shall merely point out one or two minor developments. According to Robert Dell, a veteran British correspondent of liberal proclivities, Russia entered the League 'against a coalition of Nazi Germany and militarist Japan, Catholic Portugal (with the Vatican in the background) and Calvinist Switzerland, Russian Fascists and Royal Dutch.' The same correspondent also reported that the Polish Ukrainians, whom the Poles have oppressed for fifteen years,

> seem now to be on excellent terms with that Government—and with Mr. Ito, Japanese Ambassador in Warsaw. They have protested against the admission of Russia into the League, but they have made no protest against Colonel Beck's repudiation of the minorities treaties. One wonders what they have been promised—Ukrainian independence?—and how they can attach any value to the promises of the Polish Government or Mr. Ito. The sinister aspect of the situation is that the aim of all these people is war against Russia. If, indeed, the hope of Ukrainian independence, for instance, has been held out, its condition must be a Japanese victory over Russia. What would happen in that event would be the annexation of Russian Ukraine by Poland, as provided for in the Rosenberg plan and perhaps in the German-Polish understanding.

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Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, organizer of the Pan-Europe movement, offered this comment:—

> I am by no means unmoved by the arguments that have led to the admission of Russia to the League. At the same time I should like to express my deep respect for Switzerland for taking an attitude that placed the moral question above the material question, thus making Switzerland once again the strongest moral power in Europe. The League of Nations may have acted correctly as a political organization, but from the moral point of view it seems to me that it has abandoned its proper position on the Russian question.

THE RUMOR will not down that if America, England, and Japan fail to reach a new naval agreement next year, the Anglo-Japanese alliance will be renewed. C. Y. Hsieh, a Chinese contributor to the *China Weekly Review*, has written a long article pointing out that Russia has again become strong enough to threaten the British Empire, that Anglo-Japanese trade rivalry has passed its peak, and that the Conservatives who now dominate the National Government make no secret of their desire for an alliance with Japan. He outlines the geographic considerations as follows:—

> A casual glimpse at the map of the world will bring home to anyone the fact that the British Empire in the East and its route of communication with the mother country are open to menace by any Russian advance. Malta, Cyprus, Aden, India, spheres of interest in Persia, Afghanistan, Tibet, etc. have been British outposts in the Anglo-Russian struggle. They form a line at once too long and too precarious. An ally at the other end of the East to harry the Russians would relieve Great Britain of much of her defense burden. This ally readily offered itself in the form of Japan, since the latter had, after its awakening, followed a northwestern instead of a southwestern line of expansion and had adopted a continental rather than a maritime policy of aggression, thus making compromise with Great Britain feasible and conflict with Russia almost inevitable.

Again Japan has moved northwestward, taking over Manchuria, to which the British have recently dispatched a delegation of industrialists, and the London *Economist* has therefore dropped a strong hint that the Anglo-Japanese alliance will be renewed:—

> When the Japanese statesmen feel blue at seeing the Soviet Government recognized by the United States and admitted to membership in the League of Nations, the Japanese militarists and navalists may encourage their civilian colleagues by pointing out that there can be no effective encirclement of Japan without the participation of the British Empire; that the British Conservative Party still hates the Bolshevists, while the British Admiralty is still jealous of the American Navy; and that the present Government in the United Kingdom may therefore be trusted to play Japan's game.

Meanwhile, the Tokyo press holds out hope to foreign investors, and *Kokumin* declares that the field is open to all comers:—

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> Large monetary investments are needed for the economic development of Manchukuo. Opinion is gaining strength in Japan of late that foreign investment in Manchukuo should be excluded, Japan alone providing funds. This is a gross mistake. Manchukuo was intended to be an economic society without exploitation by capitalists. Practical conditions in Manchukuo often run counter to these ideas. It was only recently that Manchukuo declared that it would not absolutely reject capitalists' investments. Japanese capitalists have naturally been attracted by the change of this policy and have obtained concessions in Manchukuo recently. It is good that Japanese economic development prospers there, but it would be a mistake to exclude foreign investments. Foreign investments must be welcomed.

WHILE THE CONSERVATIVE British press urges a resumption of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the Liberal *Manchester Guardian* in the centre of the textile industry emphasizes the danger of Japanese trade competition. It gives two solid columns, for instance, to a report recently written by Masuma Shimoda, financial editor of *Osaka Mainichi*, who organized a trade mission that visited the South Sea Islands, India, Asia Minor, and Europe to report on the progress of Japanese trade in those quarters. Here is the conclusion that Mr. Shimoda reached:—

> The nation that is most drastically oppressing Japanese products is Great Britain. What degree of success has been obtained by the British in the Indo-Japanese trade parley, the Anglo-Japanese negotiations at London, and the adoption of quota restrictions for colonies and British dependencies? I believe that, as far as British India is concerned, it was a British victory. Thus, as a market for Japanese goods, India is no longer interesting. The future promises no great hopes.

The delegation found that Japanese goods had captured as much as 80 per cent of the market in the South Sea Islands, where the natives can afford to buy shoes for the first time in their lives, thanks to the low Japanese prices. It also looked forward to good possibilities in Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Turkey, Yugoslavia, and Persia. The *Manchester Guardian* concluded its summary of the delegation's report with this passage, which possesses unexpected interest in the light of King Alexander's assassination:—

> The mission's recommendations for the extension of Japanese trade are the purchase of the products of the customer countries, the creation of more commercial attachés, barter terms with countries that sell Japan more than they buy, and the investigation of 'conditions in Europe,' especially in the Balkans. A hint is given that Japan should try to take advantage of the Jewish boycott of Germany. Hope for the deliverance of Japanese trade from 'oppression' is put in two things—(1) a revolt of the consuming masses of the world against present policies and (2) a 'disruption of the economic and political balance of Europe,' where there is 'an insecurity centring about the Balkan states.' 'The question is,' the report concludes, 'whether Japan can hold up until then. It is a question of endurance.'

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The organ of the Russian Government, an independent radical, and a British Tory all comment on Russia's joining the League. Finally, one of Lenin's companions in exile describes his Geneva days.

RUSSIA *at* Geneva

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. THE COMMUNIST POSITION

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

A MAJORITY of the Powers belonging to the League of Nations asked the U. S. S. R. to join and 'contribute its valuable coöperation' to help the League fulfill its 'mission of upholding and organizing peace.' The People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs, Comrade Litvinov, representing the Soviet Government, expressed his willingness to enter the League and assume the position necessary for the continuance of the struggle for peace, a struggle in which the U. S. S. R. has fought unwaveringly. The Council of the League of Nations determined to grant the Soviet Union a permanent seat and handed over the resolution to the League Assembly for its approval.

Unquestionably, the League's invitation to the Soviet Union and the Soviet Union's acceptance are events of the greatest political significance. The victorious Allies formed the League of Nations and took it upon themselves to organize a peace based on their own desires. They aimed the League not only against the defeated nations but also against the first government of workers, which was trying to build socialism. The attempt of the victorious capitalist Powers to crush the Russian working class and peasantry was overwhelmingly defeated by unified action on the part of the people of the former Tsarist Empire. The victors in the World War could not subject the U. S. S. R. to their will. Though encircled by the common

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hatred of all the capitalist countries, the Soviet Government led the nation out of chaos and along the path of socialist construction. Seventeen years of the proletarian revolution and the Soviet Government have developed our country's economic, political, and cultural powers to an extraordinarily high level. On the basis of this development, the U. S. S. R. has created the Red Army, which can defend it against any aggressor. The growing power of the U. S. S. R. has not spurred it on to military adventurism, to the 'Red imperialism' of the capitalist slanderers. Instead of this, power has made the U. S. S. R. the centre of the struggle for peace. The Soviet Union has not only held out its hand to its nearest neighbors and concluded non-aggression pacts with them; it has taken part in all peace conferences organized by the League of Nations in spite of the League's unfriendly attitude. At the Disarmament Conference the Soviet Union proposed the most radical plan, and it was rejected. But these proposals played a very definite rôle; they showed that the Soviet Union was the only government that was actually working for the cause of peace. Its policy forced even its enemies to admit the Soviet Union's sincerity in striving for peace.

II

This unwavering line of action led the League to invite the U. S. S. R. into its ranks. The capitalist world is now divided in two groups: the Powers that do not desire war at the present time because such a war might deprive them of their conquests, and the Powers that are discontented with the present state of affairs and are willing to seek a way out by means of war. Two great Powers—Germany and Japan—forsook the League of Nations in order to free themselves of the obligations that were imposed on them. The nations that are interested in preserving peace understand the illusory nature of their struggle without the coöperation of the Soviet Union; a league that does not include in its membership the country that stands out as the principal defender of peace cannot draw the faith of the masses.

France was the first country to understand the rôle of the U. S. S. R. in the struggle for peace and took the initiative in drawing the Soviet Union into the League's work. The Soviet Union is well aware of the League's shortcomings, which reflect the social character of the governments it includes. It knows that in the past the League was in no position to take serious steps for the preservation of peace; but it sees that certain Powers belonging to the League wish to preserve peace. That is why the Soviet Union felt duty bound to accept the invitation of these Powers, to use this international organization, too, which, after the resignation of the Powers that represent the most definitely militaristic tendencies, may become —as our leader, Comrade Stalin, has said—'a brake to retard or hamper military action, a bump somewhat to slow down the drive toward war and help peace.' In his conversation with the American correspondent, Walter Duranty, from which we quote the above phrases, Comrade Stalin said: 'If such will be the course of historical events, it is not excluded that we shall support the League despite its colossal deficiencies.' The course of

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events confirmed Stalin's supposition, and the U. S. S. R. replied by accepting the League's invitation.

At the same time, the Soviet Union does not forget that several nations belonging to the League—to say nothing of those that have forsaken it—may at some time or other come to hate the land of socialist construction more than they fear war. Therefore, public opinion in the Soviet Union, which rejoices at the Government's decision to enter the League, must never forget for a single moment that the cause of peace depends on two factors—the desire for peace among the people of all countries and the strength of the U. S. S. R. The more powerful the Soviet Union grows, the more firmly the Red Army stands at its borders, ready to defend the country's independence, the more will imperialistic adventurers fear to carry on aggressive policies, which can lead only to their complete annihilation, and the more powerful will the position of the U. S. S. R. grow in the struggle for peace, for the continuation of which it stands ready to enter the League of Nations.

II. Russia Means Peace

By Gunnar Ericksson

Translated from *Europaïsche Hefte*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

WHEN Maxim Litvinov delivered his maiden speech in Geneva, it did not mark the beginning of a new epoch in world politics. The tendency to collaborate with capitalist Powers is as old as the Russian Revolution itself.

Lenin always regarded the world revolution as a gradual process in the course of which compromises not only could be made to capitalism but were absolutely required. Within a few months of the October Revolution, the people's commissars entered into negotiations with German imperialism and even established contacts with the Allied Powers with a view to the possibility of securing their help against Germany. During the Brest-Litovsk negotiations Trotski and Lenin played with the idea of 'accepting support and munitions from the Anglo-French imperialist robbers.' Finally the peace of Brest-Litovsk itself was nothing but a compromise on the part of the Revolution to imperialist realities.

Because of its masterly skill at compromise, Bolshevism became a great danger to world capitalism. In the early stages of the Russian Revolution various 'infantile leftists' such as the Left Social Revolutionaries and the supporters of Bukharin attacked the policies of compromise and demanded strict adherence to fundamentals. But, if Bolshevism had taken the advice, it could not have hoped to meet any better fate than the Paris Commune did. Lenin's will to life pointed out another road to the Russian Revolution, a longer, more complicated, not always consistent road, a road of compromise and concessions to reality. This was the only path that Bolshevism could take in order to transform a brilliant episode into an historic epoch.

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To-day there is hardly a bourgeois politician anywhere who does not refer with more or less ironic contempt to the 'taming of Bolshevism.' They forget that this 'taming' began in the earliest days of the October Revolution and that it represents nothing but the adaptation of the Bolshevist state to its capitalist surroundings. Moscow, however, or at any rate very influential Moscow circles, entertained sanguine hopes until 1924, the Dawes year, the year of German stabilization, up to which time the prospects of European and even world revolution looked hopeful. The defeat of the Communist movement in Germany and the revival of British power in Asia dampened these expectations. Presently, the 'realists' under Stalin won the upper hand over the 'internationalists.' But it would be simplifying the matter too much to try to present Soviet domestic and foreign policy as following completely parallel lines. Stalinism represents a combination of the most extreme radicalism in domestic policy with unlimited willingness to compromise abroad.

II

A law that governs social energy takes effect at this point. As the inner strength of a country increases, its attitude toward the surrounding world becomes more moderate and the country becomes more inclined toward opportunism in its foreign policy. This development follows the line that Lenin laid down in his policy of compromise. The socialist revolution must go through the phase of adjustment to capitalist surroundings. But the great ultimate question remains: who will compromise to whom?

The danger is that compromise to the outer world may change the organism that makes the compromise. To whom will Moscow adapt itself? The supreme idea of the Russian Revolution's foreign policy is to place itself at the head of the 'suffering, oppressed' people of Europe and, even more, at the head of those same people outside Europe with a view to leading the struggle against world imperialism. Moscow once believed that the second era of wars and revolutions could not be long distant. The Russian base looked very small. They had little to lose but stood to gain nothing less than the entire world. Moreover, the Russian experiment was considered hopeless if it did not expand on a world-revolutionary scale within the not too distant future.

But developments took an unexpected turn, as they so often do. The prospects of the world revolution became dimmer and dimmer, whereas the Russian experiment grew into an affair of world and historic importance. Russian Bolshevism has been standing to lose more and more and gain less and less. World capitalism has shown a tendency toward stabilization and is struggling to establish a new balance of power that will preserve equilibrium. Moscow's immediate problem no longer consists in upsetting the whole system but in trying to find at least a temporary place for itself within this system.

Moscow's search for a place in the capitalist world system did not begin yesterday. The novelty is not that the Soviet system has entered world capitalism but the way it has entered. People are amazed at the speed and relentlessness with which Bolshevism denies its old alliances and seeks new

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points of contact, but there are precedents for this reversal of alliances. In the middle of the eighteenth century France made a sharp break in its traditional alliance with Prussia and allied itself with Austria, the 'hereditary enemy,' and this alliance determined the foreign policies of both nations for decades. A similar *renversement des alliances* led England at the turn of the century to reject the Triple Alliance and turn to its traditional enemies, Russia and France.

People are inclined to attribute Russia's break with Berlin to the victory of the 'national revolution' and the consequent fundamental transformation of German foreign policy. But the new Russian foreign policy has a much deeper meaning. The transformation of Germany from a passive to an active Great Power has forced Russia and France, Germany's two continental neighbors, together. Moscow also recognized that it had bet on the wrong horse. Russia's instinct for world politics, which was always very keen, perceived the weakness of Germany's world position.

Moscow is compelled to adapt itself to a new political constellation. The Communist revolutionaries want to regard this adaptation as a mere episode and assert that the process of consolidation will sooner or later be reversed by an opposite process and at that point Moscow will stand at the head of the revolutionary World Powers. But who will make concessions to whom? That is the whole question.

The Franco-Russian alliance, fortified by the Little Entente, has now become the axis of the European balance of power on the basis of the Versailles Treaty. Italy as usual has tended to rally to the side of the stronger battalions and is asking for compensations in return for its help. London sees this newly stabilized hegemony of France in continental Europe as a threat to a balanced and paralyzed group of European Powers and hence as a threat to England's own safety in the event of world political developments. Meanwhile, England's attitude toward Russia remains unclear.

What is the political significance of the entry of the Soviet Union into the League of Nations? It is said that Russia has covered her European flank, anticipating conflict in eastern Asia. It should not, however, be forgotten that there is an Anglo-Russian tension as well as a Russo-Japanese tension and that the Anglo-Russian tension is what gives world importance to any conflict in eastern Asia. The hostility between England and Russia has a geographic character. Both these Great Powers clash all the way from Constantinople to Peking. During the last thirty years various attempts have been made to eliminate this conflict, but every Anglo-Russian entente has come to grief on geopolitical situations, which seem impossible to overcome within the framework of present world policy. The question is whether Bolshevism needs consolidation abroad so much that it will consent to a radical transformation even in regard to England. It would be a mistake to underestimate the opportunism of Bolshevist foreign policy. Perhaps Moscow is working for a fundamental house-cleaning in Asia and is thinking primarily of England, not Japan, for the division of spheres of influence between Tokyo and Moscow presupposes—and the Soviet

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Union is quite clear on this point—the elimination of all conflicts between London and Moscow.

It must be clear that Russian Bolshevism is an essential factor in stabilizing European and world politics. It is not so much the fault as the misfortune of Moscow that the Russian Revolution has been transformed from an element of disturbance into an element tending to stabilize the world capitalistic system. When Maxim Litvinov appeared at Geneva, official Moscow had carried to its final conclusion a policy that began on the first day of the October Revolution—the adjustment of the Bolshevist state to world capitalism. Since the Russian Revolution—not through its own fault but much more through its misfortune and solitude, which arose from the collapse of world socialism—could not overthrow its capitalist surroundings, it became in time a stabilizing factor, for in these matters, too, nature abhors a vacuum.

III. Russia Means War

By Kim

From the *Saturday Review*, London Tory Weekly

PUBLIC opinion in this country is thoroughly aroused at the indecent spectacle of Sir John Simon going cap in hand with M. Barthou to welcome Russia as a member of the League of Nations.

The crafty M. Litvinov has not only succeeded in getting the Government of Stalin accepted as a member of the Assembly, which is pledged to uphold Christian principles, but he has demanded and obtained a permanent seat on the Council. Not satisfied with having had the way made clear, in which Sir John Simon has played the part nearer lackey than the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the representatives of Great Britain and France had to draft a welcome to Geneva sufficiently flattering to satisfy M. Litvinov's pride, to maintain the 'prestige' of Stalin's régime.

One might suppose from all this that Russia was a Power of great political importance, whose membership in the League set a final seal upon its stability and competence to solve the world's peace. Yet so far is this from being the case that the entry of Russia is merely a pawn in the game of European redistribution of Powers. As in 1914, she becomes ostensibly a buttress of France on the eastern borders of Germany. Her rottenness is apparent, and she will undoubtedly betray France if war should occur, as happened in 1917. As in 1914, Great Britain is wobbling uncertainly, pursuing a chimera of peace, only unhappily having disarmed herself far below the margin of safety. As in 1914, her foreign policy is confused and dazed.

If it is the view of the Government that it would be to the advantage of the nation and lead to the pacification of Europe were a defensive alliance made with France, why not make a definite pronouncement to this effect? If, on the other hand, it is the intention of the Government to hold aloof from all the graspings

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and arrangements of Powers and to take no part in any war, why does not the Government say so clearly? Europe would at any rate know where she stands and so should we, but this constant intervention and interference with the European Powers is not merely meddling but is playing with fire. It is all done, no doubt, with the object of leading Europe toward peace and disarmament, but it is unfortunately heading the Powers toward the very opposite direction of war preparation.

There is a vital problem Sir John Simon and our pacifist Ministers, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin, should be facing, yet what do we see? Mr. MacDonald enjoying himself across the Atlantic—'cavorting round the world in a cruiser,' as the *Saturday Review* said last week; Mr. Baldwin pottering about Aix-les-Bains, smoking his pipe, but not looking after his responsibilities; Sir John Simon pirouetting at Geneva and seeking to placate M. Litvinov. No responsible British Minister is taking the slightest trouble to face up to the ominous situation now developing, and nothing substantial has yet been done to render our precarious position in the air more tolerable.

Great Britain alone lives in a world of illusions, and only a Sir John Simon would have the assurance to put forward Russia's entry to the League as an asset to peace, although everyone else is well aware she has joined the League she openly despised only to seek some assistance in her dispute with Japan, who, in the next war, will probably be aligned with Germany against Russia.

Sir John Simon regards himself as a Christian, and that he can soil his hands with the advocacy of the Bolshevists shows where pacifism will take a man. Russia, since 1917, has conducted a more ruthless and bitter campaign against Christianity than the world has seen since the time of Diocletian or Theodosius, teaching its young people to despise all the virtues of Christianity and to grow up with murder in their hearts and hatred of everybody. They have shot down in cold blood or assassinated millions of Russians they called 'bourgeoisie.' They have enslaved millions in the timber camps and deliberately starved to death the oppressed minorities in Georgia and the Ukraine. The Russian Communists have made war against God, and Sir John Simon leads them into the council chamber by the hand.

The Soviet Government has violated, one after another, the fundamental principles that the League professes. She has flagrantly and cynically repudiated the award of an impartial arbitrator in the question of the Lena Goldfields, and the British Foreign Office is responsible for the millions of our money it has permitted Russia to steal. The Soviet Government never keeps to any obligation unless compelled, and, as we know, all these years it has maintained relations by bribes, promises, and threats with the subversive elements in Great Britain, Spain, and every other country where Russia is tolerated and treated as a civilized nation. This is the most gigantic crook and gangster state the world has ever seen. Sir John Simon, full of confiding trust, imbued with the pacifism of a Liberal, leads this savage tiger into the arena, which it enters with a snarl. It is the British Foreign Minister's

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contribution to the cause of peace! Yet never did Pandora's box hold greater potentialities for evil.

The Government (whoever in these days forms the Government where the Liberal tail wags the dog) must face up to this question, or we shall find ourselves muddled into another war while Sir John Simon is turning his back on the perils involving us.

IV. Lenin's Geneva Days

By Junior

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

PURE chance brought me to Geneva in 1908. I came straight from Tsarist prisons and Siberian exile and did n't even have time to get rid of the lice that fed on me in Siberia. Geneva was full of Russian refugees at the time. All the revolutionary leaders were there—Lenin among them. There were conferences, public discussions, gatherings almost every day. We fought with words; ten years later the real fight began.

We used to meet quite often in a large room belonging to the Handwerk Café, which bore its owner's name. It was centrally situated in the district inhabited by the émigrés and stood close to Plainpalais Place. The Russian émigrés then lived near the long, poverty-stricken rue de Carouge, which ran from the centre of town to the poorest suburb, the faubourg de Carouge, where workers lived. The Russians called it *Carujka*.

We led a meagre existence, meeting in each other's houses and drinking 'naked tea'—that is, tea without sugar or bread. We argued passionately, smoked, borrowed money from those who still had any, and very rarely paid it back. We hardly noticed the Swiss people, and there were many among us who had no idea that one could see Mont Blanc from Geneva. A Russian refugee named Kuzma was famous for having spent forty years in the city without ever learning any French. Even the students, who took courses at the University, had only the vaguest notion of the language. Most Russians lived in Switzerland as one lives in exile or in a hotel; Switzerland remained foreign to them.

Lenin remained outside this noisy, chattering crowd. He pretended to be neither a superman nor a misanthrope; any kind of pose ran contrary to his nature. He liked life, and he liked struggle; he was very sociable and simple. But his interests were with the struggle that was being waged in Russia, not with the petty fights of the refugees. Everything was useful in this fight. 'In a well-managed household,' he used to say, 'everything can be put to use.' But the Geneva household was not managed at all.

II

A quarter of a century has slipped by, and once more I am in Geneva. Lured on by memories of the past, I started out on a tour of familiar places. A narrow winding street takes me to the top of the rocky hill that dominates the city. A compact crowd

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of ancient houses presses in on me. People knew how to build in Geneva. In other countries old houses show cracks and become covered with moss. Here even the oldest things shine with cleanliness.

Lenin used to climb this steep incline to reach the old part of the city. He lived rather far from here—far according to Geneva measurements. At first he rented a house on the other side of the Rhône, in the working-class quarter of Sécheron. At that time Sécheron was a poor district, unknown to tourists. Now the League of Nations holds court there, and newly built streets have plowed their way through the old houses. Later, in 1908, Lenin moved into another working-class district, just as poor and colorless as the first—3, rue David-Dufour. This street has remained just as it was in Lenin's day—poor, deserted, inhabited by small folk.

The Handwerk Café was n't very far away, and Lenin spoke there several times. But the Handwerk meeting hall is no more, and a new house stands in its place. Only one piece of the old wall remains, an ugly, dirty relic that juts into the street like an ancient ruin in modern Rome. The Café Landolt, where the Russian refugees used to meet and where the students of Geneva now gather, is still standing, but Lenin rarely visited it; he had nothing of the bohemian in him and came to gatherings in order to speak. He loved libraries, museums, and life in the mountains. His love of libraries was not that of a bibliophile; he was interested in the contents of books, in the knowledge to be derived from them rather than in their outward appearance. Bibliophilism, like the collector's passion, is essentially bourgeois, for it implies personal possession and means are required to realize this possession.

The refugees' small talk did not interest Lenin, who loathed everything that savored of the *bon mot* or the *beau geste*. He strove to make his ideas clear, but the means used to achieve this end had little importance in his eyes. The logic of powerful thinking instinctively finds its way to the simplest and the most understandable expressions. Lenin never let himself be hypnotized by words. He went to the root of every idea, drawing it out of obscurity, clarifying it, analyzing it. Lenin's thinking had iron logic and crystal clarity, but he stripped it of useless words and phrases so that there might be no doubt as to what he really meant.

III

From the outlying districts of Geneva Lenin came each day to the old city. He was not so much attracted by its picturesqueness as by the large and well-supplied library belonging to the Société de Lecture. This very Swiss name applied to a typical Geneva organization. Though the city did not have an hereditary aristocracy, it boasted an hereditary Calvinistic bourgeoisie, the members of which proudly called themselves 'Patricians of Geneva,' and the head of the Republican Government always belonged to one of these families of merchants or industrialists. In 1818 the representatives of the local bourgeoisie set up in Geneva the Société de Lecture, a sort of club and library that also had a large reading room. To keep the small fry out of this society, which was composed of the in-

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tellectual and especially the financial élite, special measures were taken at the very outset—the membership fee was set at 75 francs, an enormous sum for Geneva at that time: 75 francs was a Russian refugee's total budget for a period of two months. Furthermore, one had to have the recommendation of two members of the Société. In this way the door was shut to undesirable—that is to say, non-patrician—elements at the very start.

The Société's reading rooms were comfortable and warm. The visitors helped themselves to the books and had access to the shelves. The library included about 130,000 books and subscribed to all European and American magazines, even *l'Humanité*. The visitors read in absolute silence; conversation was strictly forbidden. In Lenin's time the reading rooms were closed to women and smokers, but that did n't bother Lenin, for he did not smoke. Such was the milieu into which chance had thrown him. As far as the few patricians that he met could tell, he was just one of the Russian refugees. Lenin laughed at this conventional world, which did not interest him very much.

The Société de Lecture occupied a massive, eighteenth-century house, the entrance of which is preceded by a court surrounded by a wall and flanked with towers. It could have been a fortress. A wide, gloomy stairway with a graceful, iron banister, its steps worn down by the tread of many feet, leads to the library. Lenin lived in many cities; many European libraries recall his wide forehead and strong mouth, his frank eyes and his simple, ironic glance. But nowhere is his presence felt so keenly as in Geneva.

In the vestibule, seated at a high black desk, I found a white-haired, alert man, robust and slow as a true Swiss. A fat volume containing the names of all the members of the Société is spread out before him. I greet him and introduce myself; no one enters anonymously here. I tell him I want to find out about the past, about Lenin. The man looks at me suspiciously and without great amiability. 'I've been asked that already . . . by compatriots of yours,' he says.

He does n't know whether to be proud because Lenin used to come here or whether to be ashamed and try to hide the fact. The house that Lenin occupied in Zürich has a marble slab; Geneva has n't come to that yet. And yet I think he is rather glad to have known Lenin, for Lenin's name belongs to history. Soon perhaps tourists will come here to see the place where Lenin used to read, and they may buy postcards with his portrait. A marble slab will decorate the walls of the old château, and Lenin's name will be exploited just as Bonivard's is exploited at Chillon and William Tell's at Quatre-Cantons Lake.

In spite of his mistrust, the white-haired man opens the book in which he is still inscribing the names of new members. He shows it to me; the Société has only 400 members, 400 patricians of Geneva, who are worthy of this honor. Half of them have been members for over 25 years. Time passes so slowly in Geneva, and history seems but a step away. We've had a war, the Revolution, a civil war, Russia has completed the first Five-year Plan and started the second, we have lived in a whirlwind of years as

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long and as eventful as centuries. Our history has turned millions of pages and has interrupted millions of human lives, whereas here, in a quarter of a century, they have n't been able to fill even one book. We turn back two pages . . . and we are back in Lenin's time.

IV

The page is so fresh that it might have been written yesterday, and I read the following lines, written by the same hand that would have written them to-day: 'Ulianov, Vladimir, December, 1904. Recommended by MM. P. I. Biriukov and Armand Dussaut.'

Biriukov's name belongs to another page of Russian history, the page preceding that on which Lenin's appears. He is the author of the greatest biography of Tolstoï ever written, and he spent thirty years in his estate at Onex, a few miles from Geneva, where he died in 1931, after spending several years in the Soviet Union, to which he returned after the Revolution of 1917. Armand Dussaut, a French professor of physics at the University of Geneva, now lives in Paris; his son was an ardent socialist and took part in all the socialist demonstrations at Geneva during Lenin's time.

Under the first line, where the name of Ulianov (Lenin's real name) is inscribed, Ulianov appears again, but this second inscription is followed by another date,—February 23, 1908,—which marks the beginning of Lenin's second stay in Geneva, 'a sombre and difficult period,' as Krupskaia calls it in her memoirs. As soon as he returned to Geneva, Lenin hurried to the Société de Lecture. Biriukov was still in the city, but two other names appear as sponsors—Edgar Milhaud and Paul Moriaud.

E. Milhaud, the well-known French economist and socialist, was then professor of political economy at the University of Geneva. Since he was a socialist,—and at that time the word had a truly revolutionary significance,—many of the refugees used to turn to him for all sorts of little favors, which he granted with the utmost kindness and good will. He is now working at the International Labor Office in Geneva.

I went to see M. Milhaud. He was working in that strange and rather ugly building that stands on the lake shore, a building that looks something like a monastery and something like a hospital with its long corridors and cell-like offices. It is decorated inside and out with statues and pictures, frescoes and mosaics, which have been donated to the Labor Office by the various organizations belonging to the Yellow International. M. Milhaud's working library is absolutely unique, and it would have delighted Lenin. But the inhabitants of this office are those whom Lenin hated and despised with particular vehemence.

M. Milhaud could n't tell me a great deal about Lenin, who did not ask him for a recommendation directly but through an intermediary, whose name Milhaud could not remember. In his eyes Lenin was just one of the many Russian refugees; he passed by him without even noticing him.

'I was asked to recommend Lenin to the Société de Lecture,' Milhaud said, 'and I recommended him. But, as they needed two people, I called

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upon my friend Paul Moriaud, who was then professor at the law school, and told him that I knew Lenin personally. Moriaud accepted.'

V

Moriaud belonged to Geneva's patrician dynasty. He did not know Lenin and had probably never even seen him. Later M. Milhaud met Lenin in the reading room, where they both used to spend long hours. They greeted one another without speaking. Each remained in his place, plunged in the book he was reading. Lenin spent days in one of the salons, reading books and papers and taking voluminous notes in his fine, even handwriting. But Lenin never actually wrote on the books, which he handled with great respect. When I heard that, I thought of Voltaire, another great exile who lived in Geneva and also spent days reading and taking notes, but in an entirely different manner: if something in a book took his fancy, he would tear out the page on which it was written and write notes in the margin. Lenin's notes have been published in Moscow; Voltaire's notes are awaiting publication in Leningrad.

No one at the Société de Lecture really remembered Lenin—which is just another reason why legends about him are bound to arise. All that could be ascertained was that he came often, read a great deal, and had a favorite place. He usually went to the Sphere Room, which had a few globes in the back. Newspapers, attached to long sticks, hung along the walls; here Lenin did most of his work.

What he loved in Switzerland was the landscape, the mountains and glaciers. He did not notice the people. Switzerland was an immense hotel in which he lived simply and poorly. But he borrowed nothing, and some of the townspeople, wanting to be clever, have painted him as a quiet, conventional bourgeois. An Italian author has even referred to him as 'old man Lenin.' He appeared that way to their eyes because they thought a revolutionary was primarily a noisy bohemian and a maniac. Finding none of these characteristics in Lenin, they drew his portrait after a more familiar model—the bourgeois.

When I started down toward the city along the steep decline, everything appeared entirely new to me. I saw shadows of the past, the silhouettes of the great emigration. Next to the rich and prosperous Geneva of to-day, the Geneva of the League of Nations, the city of silent bankers and chattering ministers, I recalled the Geneva of former days, where honest, unassuming workers lived and never suspected that there were men in their midst whom history was to use as symbols to change the face of the world.

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Introducing the Japanese worker, the Japanese peasant, and the Japanese press—followed by a first-hand report from the Far Eastern military front.

JAPAN Inside *and* Out

A Far Eastern Symposium

I. The Japanese Worker

By Colin Clark

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Liberal Daily

THE low average rate of wages in Japan—only a fraction of the average-wage rates in Britain or the United States—has long been well known. But in the opinion of some this is largely accounted for, and its competitive effect in the world market largely neutralized, by the low average productivity of the Japanese worker. A few years ago it was stated (incorrectly) that, although wages in the Japanese textile trades were only a quarter of the British wages, yet the average productivity of the Japanese worker was only a quarter of that of the British worker, and as a result the average labor cost per yard of cloth was much the same in the two countries.

The first part of this statement, about the average wages, is lamentably true. Whether the second part of the statement is true, or how, in fact, the average productivity of the Japanese worker compares with that of the British worker, is one of the most important questions of the day. A great deal of light can be thrown on this problem by the Japanese official factory statistics for 1932 (published in Britain by the Far Eastern Research Institute for Social Problems). There are a few people to whom Japanese statistics are suspect. But statistical

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tests of consistency and, indeed, the very candid returns they give of miserable wages and of high profits make it absurd to suppose that these statistics have been doctored for western consumption.

The first difficulty is to get a proper comparison of prices and exchange rates. The Japanese figures relate to 1932, and the corresponding British figures to 1930. There was a heavy fall in world prices between these two years. Moreover, in 1932 the yen began to be depreciated in terms of sterling. In order to get a basis of comparison, the figures for both countries have been expressed in terms of a standard price level—namely, the average of the three pre-slump years 1927–1929. These may be taken as years of normal price relationship between Japan and the rest of the world. The dislocation of Japan's foreign trade and the depreciation of the yen, which followed the great earthquake of 1923, were over by 1926. By 1927–1929 Japan's trade was developing steadily, but her imports were rising as fast as her exports, and this may be taken as our normal period.

To express the Japanese 1932 figures in terms of 1927–1929 prices, an addition of 39 per cent is made, in accordance with the movement of the Japanese wholesale-price index number. (The retail-price index would give almost the same figure.) To the British figures for 1930 an addition of 7 per cent is made, on the basis of the index figure of the average prices of British manufactured exports. The exchange rate in 1927–1929 averaged 10.43 yen to the pound, and this has been used to convert the Japanese figures into sterling.

An interesting by-product to be obtained from these price statistics is a measurement of the undervaluation of the yen and the degree of 'exchange dumping' thereby made possible. Taking 1927–1929 as our normal period, we find that in 1932 Japanese wholesale prices had fallen 28 per cent below it, while British wholesale prices had fallen 26 per cent and export prices 22 per cent. The real value of the yen on its internal purchasing power in Japan had thus actually risen in terms of sterling from 23 pence in 1927–1929 to 24.3 pence in 1932, but its exchange rate was only 19.3 pence, an undervaluation of 21 per cent.

II

For the present day the figures show an even greater undervaluation. The internal purchasing power of the yen, calculated in the same way, is 21 pence, while its exchange rate recently has averaged only 14.2 pence. During the last few months, however, Japan has found her imports seriously rising in cost, and one may hazard a forecast that the depreciation of the yen will not be carried any further, while in the course of a year or two its internal purchasing power will gradually fall to an equilibrium level. Experience shows us that no country has ever obtained a permanent advantage from exchange depreciation.

What are more permanent are the relative levels of wages and productivity in the two countries. The best comparison of productivity is the figure of net output per worker. The net output of an industry is the value added by manufacture to the raw materials purchased and used. The figure for Britain for all factory industries was £236 per worker per annum

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at 1927–1929 prices. For Japan the general average, measured at the same prices, was £212. The Japanese worker has already reached 90 per cent of the British productivity with his present working week. If the length of the working week were the same in the two countries his productivity would be 66 per cent of the British.

III

Wages, taking a single average for men, women, and juveniles and measured on the same standard as before, averaged for factory industries in Britain 13.5 pence per hour (51 shillings 4 pence per week, or £130 per annum). In Japan they averaged only 3.8 pence per hour. Taking into account the much longer working week in Japan (averaging some sixty hours even when many mills are on short time) average annual earnings are about £49.

In other words, the Japanese worker for a productivity per hour of 66 per cent of the British level gets a wage only 28 per cent of the British. For a productivity per annum of 90 per cent of the British level he receives an annual wage of 38 per cent of the British wage. In this country 55 per cent of the net output of industry goes to the payment of wages; in Japan only 23 per cent. On top of these advantages the Japanese exporter enjoys an exchange devaluation of more than 30 per cent.

We must conclude that, even at the absurdly low prices at which Japanese goods are being put on the world's markets, very big profits are being made by Japanese industrialists. Of this good indirect evidence comes from the prices of Japanese industrial securities. The following table gives comparative figures for Britain and Japan. In both countries January, 1930, is taken as 100:—

INDEX NUMBERS OF PRICES OF INDUSTRIAL SECURITIES

	Japan	Britain
January, 1930.....	100	 100
January, 1931.....	68.9	.... 77.5
January, 1932.....	97.1	.... 66.1
January, 1933.....	168.7	.... 76.6
January, 1934.....	215.1	.... 95.2

There is evidence here of a tremendous increase in industrial profits in Japan during the last few years, starting, too, from a high level in 1930. Probably a large part of these profits, as in the early days of the Industrial Revolution in this country, is being ploughed back into industry and being used for increased capital equipment.

In the textile industries net output per worker per annum in Japan was 70 per cent of the British figure, as against 90 per cent for industry in general. This difference is completely accounted for, however, by short-time working in the Japanese textile mills. In 1932 their average working week was only an hour or two longer than the average week worked in Britain.

The average productivity of the Japanese textile group is much brought down by the silk-spinning industry, which employs over a third of the textile workers and is still largely conducted on hand-manufacture lines. Otherwise Japanese productivity per worker is practically at the British level, with an actual working week scarcely longer than ours.

The more detailed industrial figures are not available for comparison of net outputs per head, but we can compare gross outputs (i.e., inclusive of the

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value of raw materials) per worker per annum. In taking the Japanese figures for cotton goods it must be remembered that the Japanese output contains a larger proportion of coarser goods in which the percentage of raw material costs may be higher:—

GROSS OUTPUT OF TEXTILE TRADES PER WORKER PER ANNUM

	Japan £	Britain £
Cotton spinning	495	440
Cotton weaving	440	429
Wool and worsted	502	532
Knitted goods	379	400
Silk and rayon	217	406

The Japanese textile trades, as is generally known, are the most economically advanced of Japanese industries. Their size, measured by the value of their output, is about two-thirds of the British group, and they employ over half of Japan's factory workers. Nevertheless, they pay by far the worst wages—only 7.5 sen per hour, as against a general average of 11.8 sen and an average wage of 20.8 sen per hour paid in the engineering industry.

IV

Similar discrepancies exist in this country, but on a much smaller scale. At present prices, the average wage paid by industry is 12.6 pence per hour. For textiles the average is 9.5 pence, and for engineering 13.2 pence. Japanese industry is probably suffering from a shortage of skilled labor, and the much wider wage-differential is the result of this shortage. In Britain, on the other hand, education and mechanical knowledge are so much more widely diffused that the differential has become small.

The proportions of the net output going to wages do not vary much:—

	Japan	Britain
All industry	23	55
Textiles	26	58
Metals and engineering	30	56

The following table gives some other industries between which comparison is possible. It must be borne in mind, of course, that in some cases the coarser quality of the Japanese output will raise the raw-material percentage and hence the gross output per head figure; and possibly in one or two cases the price of the output may be artificially raised in the Japanese home market by means of cartels and tariffs. Figures relating to the sugar industry in both countries, for instance, must be excluded. But generally such artificial effects are as likely to be found in the British figures as in the Japanese.

GROSS OUTPUT PER WORKER PER ANNUM

	Japan £	Britain £
Pig iron	1,308	1,317
Foundries	268	348
Electrical goods	649	488
Shipbuilding	276	502
China	173	207
Glass	316	368
Cement	1,255	776
Rubber	312	597
Paper	769	753
Wood	348	438
Printing	451	476
Grain milling	6,460	2,815

It is interesting to see those industries in which Japan can reach or even surpass the British level of productivity. Japan appears to do best in those that require large units of costly equipment, such as pig iron, cement, and grain milling (profiting here no

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doubt from the mistakes of her industrial predecessors). But the high productivity of Japan's electrical industry also gives food for thought. The cheap electric bulbs that are sold here are only one of their products. The industry is largely engaged in electrifying Japanese factories, which use 4,600 kilowatt-hours per employee per annum against the 1,700 kilowatt-hours used in England. The difference in the amount of electricity consumed is particularly striking in the wood, pottery, and glass trades.

II. The Japanese Peasant

By K. Yoshino

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

If Japan mobilizes against the Soviet Union, if it needs more than the few divisions that are sufficient to deal with the Chinese generals, will the Japanese peasants obey orders cheerfully?

In our village peasants work in the fields from sunrise, not returning until the evening stars appear in the sky. They spend the whole day bent over their labor. Being undernourished even the strongest of them soon weaken, and most of them die in their forties. They have a sun-scorched, dry, dirt-colored skin, deep lines in their faces, thin stomachs with sharply protruding ribs, and blue splotches under their eyes. Their clothes look like sacks. They walk barefoot, as do their wives and children. They are chary of words and mistrust outsiders. Every poor peasant would get drunk if he had the money, but our peasants never have any extra. They earn so little that they can hardly pay the interest on their debts and prepare for the next harvest. They have stopped eating meat and fish and cannot even afford rice. They live on the roots of plants, a little cooked wheat mash, and turnips boiled in salt water.

More than three-fifths of the agrarian population ekes out a hungry existence in this way. Even the middle peasants are content if they can eat rice and some fish. The agricultural-police officials report that the peasants steal the pet animals of well-to-do people in the towns, running the risk of the severe punishments that are meted out for such a crime. The same police reports also state that the number of robberies is increasing day by day and that in many parts of the country peasants are uprooting the trees in the holy royal forests. The children of the poor peasants are undernourished. The prefect of the northern province states that the schoolchildren in his districts look as if they were all suffering from jaundice. They go to school with empty stomachs and collapse unconscious during the recess periods, with the result that numerous schoolmasters have asked permission to give up recess temporarily.

Last year the price of grain dropped steadily. When the Government embarked on its inflationary policy at the end of 1931, grain cost half as much as it did in 1925, whereas other prices had fallen only one-third. Had every-

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thing become cheaper because production was increasing and because the country was being flooded with a wealth of goods? Not at all. Prices fell because the working masses could afford to buy less rice, less grain. The silk cocoons that the peasants raised on the side fetched a low price because exports had dropped and the state was subsidizing the artificial-silk business, with the result that to-day Japan is the second largest producer of artificial silk in the world.

In 1929 Japan's agricultural output was valued at three and a half billion yen. In 1933 agricultural production yielded only one and one-half billion yen. Village income had declined three-fifths in four years. The home industries that used to give the peasants money to buy their tools and other necessities have been destroyed by industries in the cities. The peasants who used to weave their own materials must now buy on the open market. They earn less than they did before, but they must pay higher prices.

Most peasants lease small bits of land less than one *cho* in extent, and a *cho* is only nine-tenths of a hectare. Thus, the small peasant cannot exist on agriculture alone, he must maintain himself by the wages of other members of his family. On the eve of the harvest the small peasants have no money at all, and the middlemen exploit their distress by buying their crops cheap. With the yield from his harvest and the pay that members of his family earn, the peasant meets his expenses and interest payments, which frequently amount to twenty per cent. Never does he have enough left over to buy the seed for the next harvest. He must always borrow money somewhere, usually from the rich peasants, who gouge the small ones.

A correspondent of *Asahi*, one of the biggest Tokyo newspapers, made a trip through the country districts last year when the farm moratorium had been declared. He asked a small peasant who owned a little land of his own how he would like best to get out of his troubles and received the naïve reply: 'What I should like best would be to give the land away, since it cannot be sold, and then I might be able to earn something as a wage worker.' He added: 'I don't need very much. With fifteen yen a month I could support my wife and two children much better than I do now.' Yes, many peasants live worse than the wage workers; while the big peasants and landowners grow fat, the poor peasants starve.

Feudal power was destroyed in 1868, and the still weak bourgeoisie banded together with the remaining feudal lords. Under the circumstances an agrarian revolution was impossible; instead, a corrupt agrarian reform that encouraged the rapid accumulation of capital was put through. The feudal estates were kept intact, and the peasants became tenants on the land that they had been farming for years. In 1874 the Government ruled that the peasants must pay in money and not in goods, but the value of the land had mounted so high that the peasants had to deliver more than half their harvest in the form of taxes to the state. Thus the feudal tithe was transformed to payment in cash.

Millions of farms were ruined, and most of the peasants went to the cities after they had lost their land. These dispossessed exiles then became

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the army of the modern proletariat that the new capitalist industry required. Anyone who stayed on the land became a poor tenant or a small peasant who had to sell his labor. In the first two decades after 1868 the number of tenant farmers increased by two millions, and several million peasants who could no longer exist as tenants migrated to the cities.

The well-to-do landowners bought the land of the ruined peasants at ridiculously low prices or simply robbed them. Thus, most of the farm country got into the hands of the few rich landowners, who were protected by the bayonets of government troops. In our village, where no successful agrarian revolution had occurred, there was a profound conflict between the big landowners and the poor tenants. Nearly all the land belonged to a few landlords. In all Japan there are only 170,000 big and medium landowners, possessing more than five *cho* of land apiece. They own three per cent of all the small farms that are not leased, but they possess about 1,200,000 *chos*, that is nearly two-fifths of the total farm land.

The peasant's freedom depends on the revolutionary elimination of this parasitical ownership of land. Our peasantry is not only exploited by the big landowners but by monopoly capital. Almost half of the whole nation lives on the land. New labor power constantly streams from the villages to the cities. On the other hand, the village is the last place of refuge for the unemployed—the dustbins, as a doctor called them, because the tubercular sufferers whose blood has been drained by finance capital return to their homes exhausted.

Here is an example. Each year our textile industry, which has surpassed the great Lancashire itself on the world market, dismisses 14,000 completely exhausted women workers under twenty years of age. After two or three years of labor their lungs have been filled with factory dust, and they are done for. In return for money paid in advance, they must work for three or four years, and during this time they receive no medical attention. They come back to our villages to await death with their starving parents. Consumption is wiping out the lowland districts.

The Europeans were very jealous when they heard that the Japanese bourgeoisie could openly cut wages in the midst of an inflation and a period of rising prices. That prepared the way for Japanese dumping. Yet there was nothing so astonishing about it. The price of necessities had fallen even during the inflation since no market could be found either at home or abroad. The Government finally had to decree a minimum price for rice and buy up a great deal itself. Hundreds of millions of yen were spent in this way, but, since cheaper rice can be produced in Korea, the fixed price may collapse at any moment. And what benefits did stabilized rice prices yield the peasant?

The majority of the peasants must buy rice themselves toward the end of the harvest year. For them an increase in price at this time is as bad as a fall in price earlier in the season, and this contradiction will last until they are free from parasitic big landowners and kulaks. The high price of rice yields the workers nothing but an increase in the intensity of their chronic hunger. Only the kulaks and big landowners have profited from it.

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Under these circumstances Japanese peasants have become amenable to Communist ideas. The revolutionary peasant league known as the Zenno-Zenkoku-Ha is winning support rapidly among the peasants. The big landowners, who rightly fear open struggle, suppress every sign of revolt with bloodshed. Peasants and tenants often fight armed battles against the police. They even attack the agricultural police and the courts in order to release arrested revolutionaries.

A well-known bourgeois economist, who is convinced of 'the unavoidable development of events,' recently recalled the rice uprising that was suppressed with bloodshed in 1918 and that broke out in spite of the unexampled industrial prosperity that was nourishing Japanese imperialism during the War. The masses were hungry while the bourgeoisie and landowners were stuffing themselves with the fruits of victory. An exchange of words between demonstrators and police somehow gave rise to an unexpected shot. Flames of revolution then broke out all over the country, but the masses had no aim and no leadership. Hand grenades and bombs, revolvers and rifles exploded on the streets of Tokyo. Hundreds of police stations were set on fire. The masses rose up in two hundred different places, and in thirty parts of the country regular troops were turned against the rebels. The revolutionary enthusiasm spread to the biggest factories, and the workers went on strike. In the southern coaling districts real battles lasting for days occurred between rebellious miners and regular troops. The peasants and their women fought bravely against the soldiers and the police.

At that time the watchword was, 'Sell rice cheaper.' This was no revolutionary solution but merely a demand made upon the Government. Nevertheless, the masses had led a revolutionary armed struggle against the monarchy, which was dispossessing a majority of the people. If such an uprising should occur again to-day, the troops who then marched without hesitation against the rebellious masses would no longer obey orders as they once did. To-day the spectre of proletarian revolution threatens Japanese imperialism. A military conflict with the Soviet Union might bring many surprises.

III. The Japanese Press

By a Special Correspondent

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-language Daily

JAPANESE trade papers such as *Bungei Shunju* and *Seikai Orai* have recently published extensive information on the condition of the Japanese press. Although the name of the author is not given, the accuracy of his reports indicates that he knows his subject. His tabular matter gives the number of editions printed, and it cannot be denied that they are considerably smaller than previous figures. If we compare them with what the handbook on the world press reveals about the circulation of the biggest newspapers in Japan, we discover that the latest figures have

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dropped considerably. Evidently, the economic crisis has not spared the daily newspapers of Japan. The figures that many of the larger newspaper concerns publish themselves tell the same story. Here are the minimum and maximum editions of the most important daily papers in Japan:—

Osaka Asahi	1,250,000	1,330,000
Osaka Mainichi	1,150,000	1,230,000
Tokyo Nichi Nichi	730,000	780,000
Tokyo Asahi	630,000	680,000
Yomiuri-Tokyo	500,000	580,000
Hochi-Tokyo	320,000	380,000
Jiji-Tokyo	240,000	280,000
Shin Aichi (Nagoya)	230,000	270,000
Fukuoka Nichi Nichi	180,000	220,000

The two biggest newspaper publishing enterprises, the Asahi Newspaper Company, which owns the *Osaka Asahi* and the *Tokyo Asahi*, and the Mainichi concern, which owns the *Osaka Mainichi* and the *Tokyo Nichi Nichi*, occupy a dominating position in the Japanese newspaper world. The Mainichi concern possesses the greater amount of capital, 10 million yen, of which 11.64 per cent belongs to the Mitsuis and 6.92 per cent to the Mitsubishis. Besides these two great industrialist enterprises many other big capitalists have interests in these two newspapers. The Asahi newspapers, on the other hand, have a total capitalization of only 6 million yen, 46 per cent of which belongs to the Murayama family and 22 per cent to S. Uyeno. The remainder is in the hands of a few members of the staff. The Asahi papers may therefore be considered as absolutely independent of capitalist bankers in contrast to the newspapers of the Mainichi concern.

The profits that these two great concerns show is very good, especially when compared to the records of other newspapers. During the second half-year of 1933, the *Osaka Asahi* showed a gross profit of 15,400,000 yen, and after deducting fixed charges it showed a clear profit of 620,000 yen, or more than 10 per cent of the capital value of the company, whereas the *Osaka Mainichi* showed a gross profit of 15,900,000 yen and a clear profit of 730,000 yen over the same period. The third place is occupied by the *Jiji Shimpo* of Tokyo with a total capitalization of 5,250,000 yen. This newspaper is controlled by the Mitsui concern. The *Jiji Shimpo* is frankly run at a loss. During the second half-year it showed a total loss of 2,570,000 yen, or more than half the value of its capital stock, and for the months of January, February, and March, 1934, the losses amounted to 22,000, 29,000 and 24,000 yen respectively.

The *Hochi Shimbun* of Tokyo, with a capitalization of 1,100,000 yen, showed equally unsatisfactory returns for the second half-year of 1933 with losses of 1,020,000 yen, although before it had always paid three-per-cent dividends. The *Hochi Shimbun* belongs to the newspaper king Noma, but the Marquis Okuma also has influence on this paper. Since its two chief stockholders have frequently been at odds lately, the present condition of the paper is not as satisfactory as it might be.

The *Kokumin Shimbun* of Tokyo, with a capitalization of three million yen, also showed a larger loss for the second half-year of 1933, amounting to 2,790,000 yen. Kaichiro Nedzu, who had for years been the chief stockholder in the newspaper family, surrendered his stock to Ukichi Oshima,

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who already had a flourishing newspaper in the *Shin Aichi* of Nagoya. The *Kokumin Shimbun*, however, is in poor shape and is losing between 22 thousand and 26 thousand yen per month.

Little is known of the *Yomiuri Shimbun*. The chief stockholder on this newspaper is Shoriki. It is also known that fourteen financiers stand behind him, including Baron Seinosuke Go, Ginrijo Fujiwara, and others who have invested fifty thousand yen apiece. To judge from the large editions printed, their newspaper is not doing so badly, but this enterprise publishes no balance sheet. The *Miyako Shimbun*, with a capitalization of three million yen, belongs to Eisuke Fukuda, president of the Yokohama Stock Exchange. The *Chugai Shogyo Shimbun* belongs to the Mitsui concern and is capitalized at two million yen. In addition to their share capital, the Japanese newspapers have very imposing reserves behind them, often more than the original capital investment, and their income is derived in about equal measure from advertising and circulation. Each newspaper has a very faithful clientele of readers.

II

The question of the political attitude and importance of the great Japanese newspapers can be answered only by considering the history of the Japanese press. The first daily paper, the *Mainichi Shimbun*, was established at Yokohama in 1870. Many other papers followed, and they always defended western civilization, especially since foreigners—particularly Englishmen and Americans—owned stock in the first ones to be established. The Government presently disapproved of the progressive attitude of the press, and in 1875 forbade foreigners from participating in newspaper enterprises, a measure that cost many newspapers their existence. As if this were not enough, a real persecution of the press began in the same year. Official pressure became stronger and stronger, especially after July, 1877, when the Government began suppressing individual newspapers. Publishers who did not want to be wiped out of existence had no choice but to remain friendly to the Government.

This official attitude lasted until 1887. On December 28 of that year a new law was proclaimed recognizing the fundamental freedom of the press and presently incorporating this in the constitution. This date marks the beginning of the expansion of the Japanese press, and soon the newspaper publishers who used to attack the Government were elected to parliament. Their organs thus became outspoken political implements, but this at once proved a boomerang. It quickly became clear that the Japanese newspaper reader did not want to be bothered with the intrigues of party politics. The purely political newspapers lost readers at a rapid rate, and, when the first popularly written newspaper, the *Kokumin Shimbun*, appeared in 1890, its intentional non-political attitude attracted such a following that a whole series of politically neutral newspapers was at once established.

The daily press received a further impetus during the Japanese-Chinese War of 1894–95. At that time *Yorodzu Chobo*, which was founded in 1892, became the most popular newspaper in

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Japan with a circulation of 50,000, thanks to its numerous war dispatches. The war also gave the signal for the foundation of numerous provincial newspapers, for until that time newspapers had appeared only in the big cities. The war showed the newspaper publishers what the average reader wanted, and it was at that time that the overwhelming majority of Japanese publications took a politically neutral attitude. What had been a *presse d'opinion* became a *presse d'information*, and, as American newspaper methods were imitated, a sensational press also developed. The Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5 strengthened this tendency. It was then that the first big competitive struggle developed between the Mainichi and the Asahi concerns, which tried to outbid each other with their military dispatches.

After the Peace of Portsmouth, a great conflict developed between the Japanese press and the Government. Public opinion considered that the peace terms were not satisfactory to Japan. Crowds gathered in Tokyo and Osaka, and their activities culminated in the storming of a pro-government newspaper, the *Kokumin Shimbun*. In order to suppress the unrest, martial law had to be declared, and several newspapers were suppressed. Some never revived, and those that came out on top had remained politically neutral, for instance, the *Mainichi*, whereas the *Asahi* was suppressed and almost failed completely.

But the pro-government newspapers suffered the worst of all, for nobody wanted to read them any more. This conflict definitely committed the press to a politically neutral attitude toward the Government. The big papers that concentrated on news and that spread their influence further and further, especially after the Russo-Japanese War, brought out provincial and evening editions. They paid more attention to sport and the theatre and refrained from expressing any political opinion, but devoted themselves, as the newspapers in America did, to attracting the broadest masses, while they extended their news services to every interesting sphere of public life, especially the most sensational happenings. They supported the Government without offering any definite political programme.

III

The *presse d'information* has conquered. The *presse d'opinion* has almost disappeared. The provincial papers take rather more account of party politics than the metropolitan ones, but the influence of the provincial organs is diminishing as the papers with extensive news services are penetrating all parts of the provinces, especially now that the population is growing more and more dense. If anyone were to try to bring socialist papers into existence, he would encounter the overwhelming opposition of the Government because of the close proximity of the Soviet Union.

The Japanese press can best be compared with the American press, which the Japanese publishers have often studied in the United States. The big Tokyo and Osaka newspapers are spreading further and further through the country at the expense of their provincial rivals. Since they are maintained by advertisements on the American model, they receive a

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larger income than the provincial press, which depends more on the support of its readers. The big Japanese daily papers also resemble the American ones in that they are very broad-minded about the advertisements they print, especially advertisements of the most dubious patent medicines. The police recently tried to intervene, but the eight most important Tokyo newspapers protested that the income from patent-medicine advertisements provided them with their most important source of revenue.

IV. On the Far Eastern Front

By H. R. Gola

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

WHEN I went back to China after the World War it took my train two weeks to cross Russia, and I remember being amazed that this almost endless railway was a single-track affair. Russia has no other means of transporting her troops to the East. Although a second track has recently been built, it is capable of carrying only a small fraction of Russia's huge army eastward in a brief space of time. Reliable sources out here estimate this army at about a million men, but the Transsiberian Railway could transport only fifteen per cent of them, weather and Japan permitting.

A quiet, but none the less desperate, struggle for supremacy in the East has now begun, and the whole world is eager to receive news from the scene of action. Japan, with a population overflowing its own islands, has long been seeking for colonies to take care of its surplus inhabitants. It also needs new markets in which to sell its products. The latter economic consideration, however, likewise spurs on Russia because of its proximity to China. Moreover, the Communist leaders have for a long time hoped and dreamed of the huge area of China and its 350 million people. The doctrines of Moscow have penetrated parts of southern China, and Russian exports have accompanied them.

The stake to-day is a mere matter of 350 million people and a territory more than 5 million square kilometres in extent. The preparations for this struggle have given its future victim an opportunity to feel free and easy. Not until the struggle itself is finally decided will the second war begin, the war of the victor against China.

People have certainly not forgotten the terrific battles between the Chinese and Japanese in Shanghai, North China, and the Chinese provinces that Japan has seized. During the past year, however, Japan seems to have decided on a better course. It has withdrawn nearly all its troops from Shanghai, and the undeclared war against China over Manchuria is coming to an end at a surprisingly rapid rate. Time was when nobody in China expected Japan to withdraw its troops from inside the Great Wall. But the miracle happened: Japan evacuated the zone, and for some time trains have been crossing this former scene of warfare on a normal schedule.

The reason for this is not any desire

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for peace on the part of Japan but fear. While Japan was posing as the protector of rebellious North China, another railway was being built in the north. Russia was bending every effort to double-track the Transsiberian. At the same time it was negotiating with Japan concerning the railway that crosses Manchuria, of which Russia is part owner. Negotiations broke down because there was a difference of some millions between the price offered and the price demanded. But, before any agreement could be reached, Russia's hopes of supremacy in the East received a serious blow. Manchuria declared its independence with all the aid and resources that Japan could provide.

II

In order to be able to transport her enormous army to the border and supply it with at least half the munitions and supplies that it needed, Russia built a parallel line, which cannot accomplish any miracles because of its roadbed. No sooner did Japan discover this fact than it replied by establishing an enormous airport in Korea, which provides the island kingdom with a secure base on the mainland. Huge hangars were erected in Urusan, which was to become a great aviation centre, and these hangars were built for the sole purpose of destroying the new Russian railways.

The Soviet Union continued building. It talked and still talks of war. Russia set all the convict labor at its disposition to work building the railway to the east. A hundred thousand men were employed on the stretch of track, laying a roadbed three thousand kilometres long between Amur and Ussuri. New locomotives were built for this track capable of attaining a speed of 150 kilometres an hour. But it was to be used only for reinforcements. Troops arrived on a test mobilization and practised manœuvres until gradually the necessary army assembled. The result is that today ten divisions of infantry with fifteen thousand men each have been stationed in the east. Six hundred heavy and light cannon are distributed along the border, and trucks stand in readiness to move them to any point. More than five thousand machine-gun nests, connected by underground concrete trenches, have been established between the places where these large guns are stationed. The number of tanks is estimated at five hundred. All these troops and weapons were shipped out here during the last six months to provide the shock troops for the future war. Emergency barracks were built along the border, and eighteen thousand men occupy them. These posts, as they are called, consist for the most part of cavalry and flare guns, and their principal duty is to neutralize an airplane attack by creating a disturbance on the frontier. The commander of these special troops is Colonel Petrovich, who is subordinate to the well-known General Blücher.

Even out here nobody discusses infantry as the decisive element in any future war. They are all for the most modern weapons and are bending every effort to get as many as possible on the scene of action. In bomb-proof cellars that are naturally kept secret, tremendous underground factories have been built to manufacture poison gas. The biggest factory of the kind is in the neighborhood of Irkutsk,

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where most of the heavy bombing planes are also stationed. These machines of the latest construction are equipped with four motors and can fly to the western coast of Japan, 3,500 kilometres away, without landing. It is common talk here that, in the event of an emergency, Russia will abandon Vladivostok and that already she has reduced her troops stationed there to a bare minimum. This city, which was once so important, has today become strategically completely worthless since it lies too close to the Japanese airplane base and is also exposed on two fronts, its seacoast and the Manchukuo frontier.

Armored cars have been especially developed. Most of them are light, mobile tanks that look like armored racers. Their equipment consists of a miniature cannon and a machine gun, and they carry a crew of only three men. We learn that these vehicles can withstand the attack of a medium-sized hand-grenade and can develop a speed of sixty kilometres an hour. We know that they are real speed tanks.

Since the Soviet Union does not trust its native comrades in the east very much, they have been released from all obligation to deliver grain for six, and even ten, years while the industrial districts in this part of the country are required to deliver goods at a higher rate of output. The Red Army troops in the Far East also occupy a special position. As a result of all these favors, Russia has set in motion a great stream of people toward the east, and they represent an important reserve in the event of a future war with Japan. At the same time, cattle farms are being established with a special breed of animals. In order to forestall sabotage on the part of the local inhabitants, the unruly elements were simply removed and sent to the Ukraine. The fleet is also being mobilized, for Russia attaches chief importance to its new submarines, which are real giants, displacing thirty-six hundred tons.

The preparations on the other side are no less intensive. Japan, as I have already explained, has its aggressive weapons in the form of airplanes, but it cannot send any great number of these planes inland. What it lacks in material and men it makes up in patriotism and sacrificial devotion. Japan now has 290 thousand men under arms, 215 thousand of them in the army. The rest serve in the navy at a cost of 265 million yen a year. The airplanes are built by technicians from European factories and are assembled in the Mitsubishi plant. Their engines develop 3,200 horse power and can carry seven machine guns, the necessary ammunition, and twelve tons of bombs.

In the event of war Japan plans to use these airplanes to cut off the Russian Far Eastern provinces from the hinterland. This will be all the easier because, as I have explained, only a single track line serves the Maritime Province—a stretch of territory about the size of Germany. Moreover, this whole district is hemmed in by mountains over which roads cannot be built. Japan enjoys a further advantage in that this part of Russia reaches around the state of Manchukuo, so that Japan, the real ruler of that state, has already thrust a wedge into the Soviet Union and can cut off all the eastern Russian provinces to the Sea of Okhotsk if it proceeds in the direction of Ussuri

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and along the Amur River. Any defense of this huge stretch of territory on the part of Russia is out of the question.

But, if things break Japan's way in this quarter, it will not be able to concentrate on attack or defense along the western front because the United States navy threatens the other flank. America is deeply interested in this future war, and not merely because of the munitions that are now being shipped out there. It would immediately lose the Philippine and Chinese markets in the event of a Japanese victory.

Here is an example of how Japan has already penetrated this part of the world. The population of the Sandwich Islands, including Honolulu and Hawaii, comes to 500,000, of whom 150,000 are Japanese, as against 40,000 Americans. The rest are natives and half-breeds. Thus Japan has already occupied nearly one-third of these American islands.

The question naturally arises how the huge realm of China, with its 350 million inhabitants, will face this situation. That question can be answered briefly. China will not, and cannot, have any voice in the matter. The two opponents of the future war are Russia and Japan, and they have prepared China after their own fashion in such a way that it is completely wrapped up in its own affairs. For one thing, there are treaties that China must observe, then there is the Communist danger in the southern districts, and finally there are the numerous wars in the interior of the country, which prevent it from giving any thought to foreign affairs.

The inhabitants of Manchukuo feel the tension in the east more keenly than any other people, for the Chinese Eastern Railway crosses their country. China or, it would be more accurate to say, Japan owns half this railway; Russia the other half. It consists of a stretch of track, 2,000 kilometres long, and it is supposed to provide its own defense troops according to treaty provisions. But quarters for the men have never even been built along the track, and the guards are confined to a few soldiers. The continued bandit raids on this important line not only upset passenger traffic but hamper the delivery of freight. Ruddy, the director of the Chinese Eastern Railway, energetically demanded the protection that his road had been promised, but the military authorities replied that it would cost more than their budget could afford. Ruddy then handed over four million yen from the railway's own reserves to be spent on protecting it, but he got nothing for his money. All that happened was that the Japanese guards along the frontier were increased from 200 men to double that number in each post, and there is one of these posts every two or three kilometres.

III

In recent weeks the population has been showing signs of unrest such as always precede important events. The Russians in particular have displayed a nervousness that is not due solely to personal interest but that arises from definite sources of information. The trains to Manchuria, the Russian frontier station, are full of travelers. Many households are breaking up. Businesses are selling out, and contracts are being transferred. Every day one can gaze in amaze-

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ment on the White Russians in Harbin. The voluntary military organizations they used to maintain have now become compulsory. They parade in front of their Ataman Semenov, who expects nothing less than to bring all the eastern provinces of the Soviet Republics into an independent state under his own rule. He still believes in the promises and assistance that Japan offers if he will turn his troops against Russia in her behalf.

What used to be happening in Manchukuo is now being repeated here. Houses are almost given away to imaginary individuals since the owners are threatened with confiscation on political grounds. Those owners who live in the greatest fear are the Russians who have shown sympathy for the Soviet régime.

In the country districts the shipment of food is being restricted more and more in order to assure the Japanese troops of receiving supplies in the event of war. For the same reason the rolling stock of the Chinese Eastern Railway is not allowed to pass beyond the Manchukuo border, and this has done grievous harm to the foreign trade, which had already almost expired. At the frontier all travelers must change cars, and all the freight is also moved into Russian or Chinese cars.

One thing remains uncertain. What will the line-up of Powers be? Russia has high hopes of gaining the aid of America. Japan is courting England, from which it has taken huge supplies of raw material in order to win its future support. Although America is no friend of the Soviet Union, it would have to fight on the Russian side, unless it wanted to turn the whole East over to the yellow race, since Russia alone, in spite of its armies and airplanes, is too weak to protect its seacoast. On the other hand, England fears the appearance of America in one of its own private preserves and believes that it can count on a safe place for itself by the side of the Empire of the Rising Sun if it gives Japan's flag at least moral support.

Out here the conflict seems inevitable, and the barroom strategists already know the future boundaries that Japan will lay down in the event of victory—they will claim that the Island Empire extends as far as the Urals. Its southern boundary will skirt the Yellow River through China, Tibet, and the Sea of Aral. This enormous stretch of territory would be half again as large as the United States. A Japanese officer I questioned on the subject informed me, however, that Japan would go no farther. Its watchword merely runs: Asia for the yellow races.

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Persons and Personages

General Blücher

By Paul Scheffer

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

That it pays to stick to the truth should be the watchword of any journalist who attempts to describe the supreme commander of the Red Army in the Far East. His life has been a remarkable one and more crammed with unusual events than even the most lively imagination could devise. It also pays to observe him closely because his career shows how many important events of our time flow past us without attracting our attention. Blücher to-day commands a big army, an enormous body of men and vast supplies of raw materials in eastern Siberia. He is preparing himself for war and is perhaps ready for it by now. He stands in line with those who are waiting to enter the temple of history, yet he already has a great history behind him, enough to qualify him for admittance.

His early years will be a puzzle to historians until the Soviets decide to speak, if indeed they ever do. There is some question as to whether he really comes from a family of peasants. It seems more likely that he chose to become a metal worker because he did not want to become a merchant. The contention that he comes from a proletarian background seems to be correct, for that is what the author heard, long before the Chinese interlude, from some one in Moscow in a position to know. The story then was that Blücher had entered the Party in its early days, devoting himself to propaganda work for two years, and that he later served with distinction in the War. The latter report is correct, for Blücher was at least a non-commissioned officer when he was incapacitated in 1915, but that he had been active in the revolutionary movement before that time is unlikely.

An Austrian scholar who wrote a study of Blücher in the *Neue Freie Presse* states that he participated in a big strike that landed him in prison. This, however, is pure invention because no strike occurred in 1910 in the Neitschensk car factory where he was supposed to have got himself in trouble. It is, however, true that after the Revolution Blücher joined the Bolshevist Party, though he was never a member of the Samara revolutionary committee, as is sometimes maintained. He was a party member like thousands and hundreds of thousands of others who had served in the Tsarist army.

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Blücher then appeared in Siberia in February, 1918. He had shown but little interest in politics, preferring to have himself dispatched to the most exposed positions in the Civil War. He fought successfully at Cheliabinsk, but later he was captured by the Czech legionaries and their Social-Revolutionary allies. At this point a tremendous episode in his life occurred. Together with several regiments and all their impedimenta of fleeing women, children, and equipment, he succeeded in making his escape and then set out on a veritable anabasis, worthy of Xenophon, skirting the enemy's rear toward the northwest. Blücher brought back ten thousand more men than he had in his original detachment, although they had engaged in constant fighting and suffered from lack of food. In a civil war that spread over a country of unparalleled dimensions, fighting against poorly organized and usually very poorly disciplined opponents, Blücher encountered situations that do not arise in normal warfare. On every occasion his actions were extraordinary, and he showed the qualities of a leader with strategic talent and personal magnetism of a high order.

Blücher was the first man to receive the Red Star, the Soviet military decoration. He then took part in the struggles against Kolchak and finally against Wrangel's army, the last defender of Tsarism in Crimea. With the aid of treason in the enemy camp he captured the Isthmus of Teveskop. He was the first supreme commander of the Far Eastern forces stationed in the recently absorbed Far Eastern Republic and was then ordered back to a comparatively unimportant post in Leningrad where he commanded a regiment of the guards.

In 1924, Stalin openly announced in Tiflis that England's imperialist bases must be attacked and overcome by revolutionary means. Karakhan then occupied the post of ambassador to Peking, where he took a friendly attitude toward the Chinese. Borodin appeared in Peking, Shanghai, and then in Hankow on the Yangtze. Finally, General Galen, who was none other than Blücher, also came forward. China was to be won over to Bolshevism by two forces acting like pincers—the revolutionized masses and a Red army.

Operations began in Canton, which had always been a politically active spot. It was self-sufficient, it had sea communications and did not lie open to attack from the north. The hammer and sickle were in evidence everywhere throughout that big city, which had not yet become an armed centre of the Party, and General Galen lived with his staff in a white house that stood apart. He always had two men posted on the roof, armed and ready to fire. He was a broad, squat man, with a strong face, sharp, rapidly shifting gray eyes, a military moustache, and the broad jawbone of the strategist. He was attractive, and his movements were elegant. He could not speak a word of German.

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He formed the kernel of the Kuomintang army from the remnants of the troops that had defended the Republic of 1911. He trained 6,000 men known as the Whampoo cadets, who were later to be the officers of the larger army that was going to proceed to Hankow. That army remained in the control of the Chinese, but it was easy to perceive that the Whampoo cadets had received Russian training when you saw them on the streets of Canton, smoking American cigarettes. After feverish activity and not without a few attempts to assassinate the 'friend of China' the march to Hankow began. There, in a nerve-wracked city that did not want to return to its previous status of extraterritoriality, the Canton troops joined forces with Chiang Kai-shek. At last their combined strength would be able to annihilate the imperialistic British bloodsuckers forever.

Borodin entered the same revolutionary path that the Taiping rebels had taken when they left Canton in 1856 and lost between 25 and 60 million men, and he followed the downward course of the Yangtze as the Taiping rebels had done before him. He was the 'official adviser' to the general staff. But trouble broke out in Hankow. Galen-Blücher asserted himself. He expelled Chiang Kai-shek and established the sharpest kind of discipline. He advocated an attack on Shanghai, claiming that, if it were taken, western influence in China would come to an end. General Sun Chang-fang confronted the Kuomintang troops with an army equipped by the Japanese and far superior to the Red troops, who received their arms from Moscow. At Nanchang the old and the new China met.

Meanwhile, difficulties had increased between the authoritative Soviet representatives and the Chinese. Chiang Kai-shek recognized more and more that he was merely the instrument of a plan that would eliminate him at the right moment. The break came in a night engagement during which Borodin used his riding whip on the horse of a very high Chinese officer in an effort to make him move his troops forward. That was the end; Blücher quietly went back to Moscow, and Borodin followed.

There he remained without employment. Stalin grumbled. The military attaché of the Soviet embassy in Berlin, a former Tsarist officer of more politeness than discretion, had dealings with some of the former Whampoo cadets, now connected with the Red Front. There was such a tendency at that time on the part of the Russians to ignore contradictions of this kind that he had to depart out of regard for the feelings of Germany, and Comrade Blücher was appointed his successor. It was then discovered that this Blücher was actually Galen, and another man therefore received the post. One can imagine what might have happened if the Comintern had been able to make Germany a present of its best

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man, as it wanted to do, for the episode occurred in 1929, and in 1929 Moscow was using every means to provoke a revolution even without Blücher. This effort, however, also failed.

THE Kremlin has long recognized the danger that threatens the Soviet Union from the Far East. It was the openly expressed opinion of the Narkomindel and of the Politburo that the Chinese Eastern Railway would eventually have to be surrendered, either because of pressure from the Chinese or from the Japanese, and should therefore be disposed of at a good price. It is not so bad to lose something that one expects to recover later. After the murder of Chang Tso-lin, the Japanese appeared on the scene. Vladivostok was endangered. Siberia seemed likely to be crippled, and this represented a threat to the whole Soviet Union, since it would lose one of its few outlets to the sea. Blücher took over the supreme command. In 1929 he took the disorganized Chinese in hand, and, after the independence of Manchukuo had been declared, he worked with redoubled speed to create a self-sufficient military base in the Soviet Far East. The Soviet Government gave him all possible assistance, although the shipment of material, food, and vital necessities over 8,000 kilometres of railway track sapped the economic power of the country.

If hostilities break out, the Japanese will begin by attacking the railway to Vladivostok and attempt to cut it off, thus isolating Blücher's army and starving it out, which would not be a very difficult task. In that event Blücher would have to do everything to force a quick decision. His nature is well-suited to such circumstances, and he has communicated this spirit to his troops, thanks to his enormous personal influence.

There are those who regard him as a Russian Napoleon, as the future savior of the suffering Russian people. There is no indication that anything of this kind is on the cards, and if any such eventuality should arise the OGPU is on hand to prevent it. Blücher was always a soldier by preference. Everything indicates that he has given himself over completely to the unparalleled tasks of technique and organization that confront him in his dangerously exposed position. Moreover, he has to fulfill the duties of a modern military commander, and these leave little enough time for any other activities. There have been reports of difficulties between him and War Commissar Voroshilov, but they have to do with purely organizational matters and the continued maintenance of the centre of gravity of the Soviet army in the west, in spite of the Japanese danger. It has never been reported that Blücher expressed sympathy for the dispossessed peasants, as even Voroshilov and many others have done, and it would be a mistaken judgment to regard him

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as a Napoleon. He is not a man of more than one purpose, as his Chinese defeat proves, since it was a psychological and political failure.

But his future is as full of possibilities as the future of Soviet rule. At the seventeenth Soviet Congress in the spring he announced in no uncertain terms that he firmly believes that war with Japan is on the way, his war. In recent weeks the world has nourished itself on the idea that this war is imminent and can be prevented only by extraordinary measures. A terrible struggle in the Siberian wastes will then occur, and this man, this solitary commander, will be put to the most difficult test in a desperate struggle against time and technical superiority. Indeed, it will be the highest test, for it is one that he has never faced before. We know that Blücher is by nature immeasurably sure of himself and possessed of the most indomitable energy, that he is clever, quick, uneducated, adored by his troops, but we know him only as an improviser, though on an enormous scale. We do not know him in such a situation as seems to confront him now, a situation that is unique by reason of its very magnitude and on the outcome of which victory or defeat depends.

Knox of the Saar

By H. T. Hopkinson

From the *Weekly Illustrated*, London Labor Weekly

'OUT with your knives and off with his head!' This was the cry with which Nazis greeted mention made by Dr. Goebbels of a certain Mr. Knox. Who is this Mr. Knox? Why, at the mention of his name, do Nazi knives flash from their belts?

Mr. Geoffrey Knox is an Englishman, a bachelor, fifty years of age. He was appointed by the League of Nations in 1932 to the post of chairman of the Saar Governing Commission. Even without this latest appointment his career would have been remarkable, for he rose from a student interpreter to be Minister Plenipotentiary in the British diplomatic service.

Mr. Knox is a cheerful, red-faced bachelor. By religion he is a Catholic, which does not add to his attractions in the eyes of Dr. Goebbels. When he leaves the grounds of his official residence, which is seldom, he enjoys handling his high-powered car, which he drives from the Saar to Geneva in a day. His position in the Saar may be compared to that of a king, without a king's prestige, a king's rewards, or a king's immunity from insult and abuse.

As he sits in the lonely Saarbrücken castle, opening anonymous letters of abuse and threats, summoned by fake telephone calls, surrounded

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by intrigue, working twelve hours a day for a salary of £2,000 a year, which he has twice voluntarily cut, he has three consolations.

The first is his appreciation for good food and drink. 'It would be impossible for me,' says Mr. Knox, 'to fulfill my arduous duties unsustained by good food.' Even this harmless liking has been made the ridiculous basis for attack. Mr. Knox's 'pronounced partiality for the French,' said a German newspaper, 'is proved by his fondness for French cookery and the fact that his library consists almost entirely of French literature.' Hitler, it may be, likes Spanish onions, but that does not prove that he is in secret correspondence with Madrid.

Mr. Knox's second consolation is his remarkable collection of first editions of Voltaire.

The third must be the knowledge that he is performing with success what is probably the most difficult and dangerous job in Europe.

To understand the task that confronts Mr. Knox it is necessary to realize the position of the territory over which he rules. The territory of the Saar is German territory. By the Treaty of Versailles the Saar was taken from the Germans and handed over to the custody of the League of Nations, by whom it is administered through a Governing Commission under a chairman. It was specially provided in the Treaty that the coal mines of the Saar should belong to France in compensation for the French mines destroyed by the Germans during the War.

The Saar was not handed over to the League indefinitely. It was agreed that after a period of years—which ends in January next—a plebiscite, or vote of all the people, should be taken to decide the future of their land. The three alternatives on which they will vote are: (1) whether they wish to return to Germany; (2) whether they wish to become part of France; (3) whether they will remain as they are, under the government and protection of the League.

Eight hundred thousand Germans dwell in the Saar. There could be no more crushing denunciation of Hitlerism than for any large number of the Saar's inhabitants to vote against a return to Germany. Because of the immense value of the Saar mines, moreover, and the desire to distract attention from the internal condition of his own country, Hitler and his leaders have for months past been conducting a passionate campaign to ensure the Saar's return. 'Germans, think of the Saar!' Under this slogan the full force of Nazi propaganda has been directed to rousing violent racial feelings throughout Germany. A recent German national broadcast ran as follows: 'The fate of our brothers and sisters in the Saar! . . . Expulsions! Chicanery! Wage reductions! Terror! Suppression of newspapers! Political injustice! Insecurity of the mines! Dismissals! Dismissals! Terror!'

Mixed with such outbursts is personal abuse of Mr. Knox and the

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members of the Commission. But Mr. Knox has a sense of humor. He listens to such broadcasts with interest for about two hours every day. He has records made of them with a recording gramophone. With the help of these records he compiles those calm, detached official reports that are the delight of ambassadors and diplomats. This is how—as though it were an unusual animal or rare insect that had lately been sighted in his garden—he refers to a plot in which he and the members of the Commission might be swept away in a moment. 'Rumors of a *coup de main*,' he says, 'are growing daily more insistent, reach the Commissioner's ears through the most varied channels, and are becoming increasingly circumstantial.'

BUT if Hitler's propaganda were confined to his own country, the world would have no cause to complain, and Mr. Knox would suffer nothing worse than burning ears whenever he turned on his loudspeaker. Things are worse than that. In defiance of its own undertaking, the German Government has carried on during the year a drive of combined publicity and terror within the Saar itself. The purpose of this drive has been to ensure that the whole populace will vote for the return of the Saar to Germany in January next. The bulk of the people are to be persuaded. Jews, Catholics, Socialists, all who prefer liberty to submission, are to be driven into voting as the Nazis wish, lest 'a worse thing befall them.'

This campaign has been carried on in the Saar through the German organization known as the *Deutsche Front*, whose members have forced their way into every organization. The police force is riddled with them. Many of the *Deutsche Front* district offices are run by the very government officials who draw salaries as servants of the existing régime. The *Deutsche Front* has conducted house-to-house visits of cajolery and threats. It has placed an effective ban on non-Nazi shops and business houses. It has conveyed thousands of Saarlanders on cheap trips to Berlin for the purpose of 'showing them the sights.'

Against the power of the *Deutsche Front* Mr. Knox has to offer—what? A force of a thousand police on whom, in a crisis, he could not rely for half an hour. A body of officials of whom it is reckoned that 98 per cent are spies. The prestige of the League—but how long would it take the League to act?

Under such circumstances, with such friends, and Hitler for declared opponent, Mr. Geoffrey Knox has to preserve, not only the peace of the Saar, but the peace of Europe until January next. If the Nazis attempt a coup and are successful, it is odds that a French force will march into the Saar. If matters continue as they are at present, the plebiscite next January will be a farce.

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Mr. Knox has asked the League for two thousand more police to be recruited from German-speaking nations who are members of the League. He should get them. He should get also the sympathy and support of anyone who cares to see a task of difficulty carried out with efficiency, detachment, and without loss of a sense of humor.

Sir J. C. Bose

By a Scientific Correspondent

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Liberal Daily

SIR Jagadis Chandra Bose is the son of an able Bengali magistrate who was interested in the revival of Indian culture, tea planting, banking, and many aspects of life. His family sent him to England to study. He won a scholarship at Christ's College, Cambridge, and studied physics under the direction of the late Lord Rayleigh, who was impressed by his ability.

On the recommendation of eminent British scholars the Indian Education Department was requested to find a first-class scientific appointment for him. Though Indians had received first-class literary and philosophical appointments, they had not hitherto received any first-class scientific appointment. The Indian mind was supposed to be incapable of first-class scientific work. According to Geddes's account, the recommendation of Bose was badly received, and Bose himself was treated with shocking rudeness. Nevertheless, after graceless delays he was appointed a professor of physics in the Presidency College, but he received only one-third the salary paid to Europeans for the same grade of work.

In 1894 he began the researches that established his reputation. His laboratory equipment was slight, but within a few months he made important contributions to the study of radio waves. These had been discovered in 1887 by Hertz, who had established their qualitative similarity to waves of light, but his apparatus was cumbrous and inexact. Bose invented an emitter that produced short waves, not much longer than those of light, and a more sensitive receiver. These enabled him to demonstrate exactly that radio waves possessed the more refined properties of light waves, such as double refraction and polarization.

These excellent researches received Kelvin's most enthusiastic praise and much impressed the scientific world. Their importance was not scientific only. They were the first important contribution to physics made by a modern Indian and the first demonstration of the falsity of the prejudice that the Indian mind was incapable of research in physical science. They thus destroyed the argument that scientific education

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should not be provided for Indians because they were incapable of acquiring it.

During his experiments with radio waves Bose noticed the phenomenon of fatigue in metallic receivers. He found that a receiver fatigued by continuous use could recover its sensitivity after rest. If a receiver remained unused for a long period it became insensitive. These phenomena could be compared with those of fatigue and atrophy in living muscle. Further, he found that metallic receivers could be poisoned and their sensitivity impaired by chemical treatment, as living material can be poisoned by drugs.

These parallels excited his imagination deeply. He became interested in similarities between dead and living matter and the principles that might be common to both. From this he swiftly came to the study of the unitary, the monistic aspect of the universe. Thenceforth his researches were directed by this monistic interest. Among his searches for similarities those on plant behavior became particularly well known. His gift of physical invention enabled him to construct extremely sensitive apparatus for the detection of movements in plants. With these detectors he was able to show that plants had unsuspected powers of response to weak stimuli. He showed that messages went along certain channels in plant leaves and compared these channels with the nerves of animals. He compared the movements of sap to the circulation of the blood.

Bose was disappointed by the reception of his monistic ideas of the similarities between dead and living matter and between plant and animal life. Whereas his early work on radio waves had received universal acceptance, his subsequent work was received with opposition. The majority of experimental biologists still do not agree with Bose's interpretation of his observations on plants. They regard his comparisons of dead and living matter and of plant and animal life as uninstructive because they are not based on a sufficiency of precise details. The establishment of the existence of nerves in plants requires observations of hundreds of parallels besides the passage of electrical and motor disturbances.

It seems to Bose's critics that he has never thoroughly grasped the conception of control in biological experiments. He seems to them to have made the mistake most frequently made by physicists entering the study of biology—to suppose that simple biological experiments can also be exact. Dead material is simple enough to give exact answers to simple questions, but living matter is usually too complicated to give instructive answers to simple questions. His critics find his parallels between the behavior of dead matter, animals, and plants far too vague to be helpful.

These developments made Bose's life a singular drama. His early sci-

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entific achievements and his personality made him the founder of modern Indian science. He became a symbol of national prestige. Then he devoted himself to a line of research that has excited much interest but little professional conviction. His attachment of the new movement in Indian science to a theory that does not receive universal acceptance has, so far, appeared unfortunate. Perhaps the future may show that his action was correctly inspired and that he was ahead of his time.

Shortly after he retired from the government service, he founded in 1917 a research institute, the first of its sort in India. Its aims resemble those of the Royal Institution in London. Its staff engage in research and the exposition of science, and a yearly volume of transactions is published. A wide variety of researches is described in the two latest volumes (*Transactions of the Bose Research Institute*. Calcutta. Volumes VII and VIII). Bose's own papers describe an investigation of the method of catching fish by throwing plant extracts into the water of hill streams. The respiratory mechanism of the fish appears to be paralyzed by the extract. G. C. Battacharjee has photographed the fish-eating spiders of Bengal in the moment of capturing their prey and has given an interesting description of their behavior. P. C. Basu has started anthropological studies in the Institute by a paper on Burmese crania. The volumes contain many papers on experimental plant physiology treated in the characteristic Bosean style. They contain a large number of new facts, the significance of many of which is obscure if one is unable to accept Bose's theoretical assumptions.

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These three articles tell almost all you need to know about Spain. The first is factual, the second descriptive, and the third gives a final interpretation.

The Low-Down *on* SPAIN

A Three-Dimensional Trilogy

I. Separatists of Spain

By B. Minlos

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

In THE centre of Spanish political life two national problems arise—the Catalan and the Basque. At the same time, Galicia has witnessed threatening developments. Let us examine the national problem in these three regions.

Catalonia includes four provinces—Barcelona, Gerona, Lérida, and Tarragona, with a population of 2.3 million. Catalans also inhabit the Balearic Islands, a part of Aragón, and a section of Valencia. Outside Spain they have settled in the Andorra Republic and in French Catalonia, which belongs to the Pyrénées-Orientales department. There are 4.4 million of them in all. The province of Catalonia itself is the most highly industrialized and the most cultured in Spain. Here we find concentrated one-third to one-half of Spanish industry and most of the textile mills. This condition determines the unusual importance of the proletariat.

At the same time feudal customs persist in the country districts. Most Catalan peasants do not own their land outright but hold it as tenants. The most hateful of all feudal dues is the so-called *rabassa morta*, which requires the winegrowers to give the landlords as much as two-thirds of the harvest. Furthermore, if the vines

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wither, the peasant must return the land to its owner outright.

The national liberation movement rests chiefly on the shoulders of the petty-bourgeoisie, the urban intelligentsia, and the peasants. Since the establishment of the Republic, the petty-bourgeois Leftist party, Esquerra, has stood at the head of the Catalan Government and exercised a powerful influence on the peasantry. But autonomy has yielded few benefits to the countryside. The events of 1934 clearly showed that Catalan feudalism leans on the powers of Madrid.

The Catalan peasants, and particularly the winegrowers, who have been waging war against the *rabassa morta* for many years, entered the struggle with new vigor after the Republican Revolution. During the past three years they have either disregarded their feudal dues completely, or they have paid but a small percentage of the amount required. In consequence, the Catalan Government could not cope with the rising tide of discontent. Growing from year to year, the winegrowers' movement became closely connected with the city proletariat, and in 1933 they engaged in strikes, demonstrations, and other activities side by side. Through the Esquerra the influence of the Communist Party penetrated the so-called Union of Winegrowers. These events forced the Esquerra to pass a land-cultivation law in the Catalan parliament, providing for an investigation of tenantry conditions and the greatest possible reduction in rents. On the other hand, the law does not in any way satisfy the winegrowers' demands and grants them much less than what they have already achieved through revolutionary struggle. The winegrowers are fighting for unconditional land ownership; the law provides that they shall be able to buy land only after having lived on it eighteen years as tenants.

Nevertheless, this law became the starting point for widespread political conflict. The upper-bourgeois Catalan party, the so-called Provincial League, along with the proprietors of the countryside, protested by walking out of the Catalonian parliament and requesting help from Madrid. The Madrid supreme court, the so-called Tribunal of Constitutional Guarantees, repealed the Catalan law on the 7th of June of this year.

This aroused the anger of the Catalans. The struggle for the land-cultivation law grew into a struggle for national self-determination. Mass demonstrations occurred in the countryside and in the cities. The Catalan deputies of the Esquerra noisily walked out of the Cortes in Madrid. Influenced by this uprising, the Catalan parliament, which by this time contained only one member of the Esquerra, passed the second land-cultivation law on the 13th of June.

Madrid answered with repressive threats, boycotted all Catalan products, and sent troops into Catalonia. General Batet, of the Catalan division, warned Madrid that it could not depend on the army. The revolutionary movement was growing out of bounds. Great tenant strikes were occurring everywhere. Throughout the province the movement expressed itself in the burning of country mansions and forests belonging to the landlords.

Under these circumstances Madrid did not dare repeal the law a second time. But at this point the Esquerra

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met the Cortes halfway. Caught between Scylla and Charybdis—the revolutionary movement and the Spanish army—the Esquerra chose the middle road and offered to do some backstage bargaining with Madrid. The compromise is already clear. The second land-cultivation law must not be repealed, but the Catalan Government promises to issue certain by-laws regulating the administration of this law so that its practical effect will be greatly lessened. The basic differences have to do with the question of what men will be chosen to supervise the cases that are bound to arise. The landlords are acquiring such a powerful influence in these executive bureaus that the law might just as well have been repealed. Thus the Esquerra has capitulated.

The Catalan Socialist Party has shown its solidarity with the defeated Esquerra. The Anarchists, however, who consider this struggle as nothing more than a political fight between two governments and who do not understand the fundamental struggle of the peasantry, threaten that, if the separatist movement should grow stronger, Catalan goods will be boycotted throughout Spain, and they say that the Madrid Government may even send the army to quell the uprising. The Communist Party alone has taken a truly revolutionary position.

The Communist Party has unmasked the defeatism of the Esquerra, which claims to defend the interests of the peasantry, and is now attempting to transform the winegrowers' rebellion over a land-cultivation law into a higher struggle for unconditional annulment of all feudal dues and the return of the land to the peasants. The Communist Party is continuing the struggle for national self-determination at the same time that it defends the rights of the peasantry.

II

In August the Catalan problem was complicated by the Basque conflict. The Basques inhabit four Spanish provinces, Vizcaya, Guipúzcoa, Álava (which has been made into a separate province called the Province of the Basques, with a population of 892,000), and Navarra, with a population of 346,000. There are altogether 1.2 million Basques in Spain. Furthermore, about 200,000 Basques inhabit the French provinces around Bayonne. The Basque country, Vasconia, has this in common with Catalonia: both are important industrial centres. Although the Basque peasants are less poor than the peasants of almost any other province, they are burdened by remnants of feudalism. Here, too, the national and the agrarian problem are closely interconnected, making the situation even more complicated than in Catalonia.

Vasconia was united to Castile as early as the fourteenth century. Until the nineteenth, however, it enjoyed a broad autonomy, the so-called *fueros*, or exemptions, especially as regards taxation. Once a year Vasconia paid its dues to Madrid, but it collected its own taxes under its own supervision. At the same time, the Catholic Church built itself a cosy little nest by supporting the Basque national movement. The Basque clergy, which is of the lowest variety, preferred to withhold the tithe for its own benefit rather than contribute to the general church fund. Under these circumstances it is

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not surprising that during the nineteenth century Vasconia became the seat of clerical reaction, especially during the Carlist Wars, which took place between 1830 and 1870.

After the downfall of the Carlists, the old Basque exemptions were annulled, and the autonomy of the country suffered a heavy blow. The dues demanded from Vasconia, however, were lower than those required from other provinces, a circumstance that promoted the development of Basque industry and commerce. The bourgeoisie, being less dependent on the Spanish market, supported the nationalist movement, which still preserved connections with clericalism and Carlism. The bourgeoisie strengthened its support of the nationalist movement by constant protest against Madrid taxation and thereby turned the masses away from the class struggle.

At the time of the Republican Revolution of 1931, the Basques were a bit late in proclaiming their autonomy. Whereas Catalonia got ahead of Madrid, the Basque assembly met only on the 24th of April, that is to say, ten days after the Revolution, and it was therefore dispersed by orders from Madrid. To this day Vasconia has not received the autonomous constitution that it was promised. Under the Republic the revolutionary movement of the working class therefore grew stronger, taking the form of constant strikes in the cities, seizure of the large estates in Navarra and incendiaries everywhere.

Under these circumstances the Basque bourgeoisie and the clergy continue to support the nationalist movement and retain power over the working masses. The bourgeois nationalist party has even gone so far as to create a special working class organization, the so-called Solidarity of Basque Workers, including only Basque workers, who are incited against all aliens and newcomers. Many factory owners will hire only members of the Solidarity. Nationalist demagogues promise the peasantry that if Vasconia becomes independent they will be freed of all feudal dues, receive the land to do with as they see fit, pay less taxes, and so forth.

Every device is used to arouse the nationalist chauvinism of the petty-bourgeoisie in the cities and the poor peasantry of the countryside. The nationalist party maintains a militant organization with thirteen or fourteen thousand members, recruited from the petty-bourgeoisie and peasantry. Its party programme is openly reactionary, even imperialistic. It aims to establish an independent Basque government of an autocratic nature, that is, under the leadership of the Church, and it hopes to include the Basque sections of France. The nationalist influence was clearly revealed in the parliamentary elections of 1933, when the nationalists received two-thirds of the votes and 11 of the 17 seats allotted to the province in the Cortes.

The real conflict came to a head when Madrid passed a series of fiscal laws extending to Vasconia—in particular, a law increasing taxation on capital income. This revealed a considerable development in the fiscal policies of the national government and affected the Basque bourgeoisie, which instigated a wide nationalist movement about this question and enticed the working masses to join the struggle. The issue is presented as an affront to the interests of the Basques,

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whether they belong to the bourgeoisie or the proletariat, and thus the working masses are recruited for the defense of a policy in which they have no interest.

Recent developments are more or less familiar to the Soviet reader. Elections were scheduled for August 12, but the powers that be did not allow the people to go to the polls, and the police dispersed the municipal councils. This provoked a strong reaction in the country, and the Bilbao workers prepared for a general strike. But the nationalists and Socialists did not dare call the proletariat to arms. To-day, in the cities and in the countryside, great masses of people, driven by some elemental urge, gather together and hold demonstrations, which often end in bloody conflict with the police. The authorities have been forced into extreme repressive measures, for this unheard-of situation has continued for a whole month. Mobs arrested the president and the members of the municipal councils and replaced the duly elected members of these councils with men of their own choice. In answer to this outrage the committee suggested that all Basque municipal councils resign. The nationalists have already formulated a slogan to boycott not only Spanish merchants and merchandise but also Spanish workers. In this way national consciousness penetrates the proletariat. The landowners, the monarchists, and the higher Church dignitaries all oppose the nationalist movement.

The position of the Socialists and Anarchists in Vasconia is very similar to the position in Catalonia. The Socialists, who have a large number of supporters, are siding with the nationalists. The Anarchists oppose the nationalists because of the 'political' character of the conflict. The Communist Party explains to the working masses that the struggle to collect taxes and administer funds autonomously is nothing more than a petty quarrel between the Basque and the Castilian bourgeoisie, which want to control and exploit the working people, and that lasting national freedom can be achieved only through struggle against exploitation, whether by the Castilian or the Basque ruling classes, a struggle that must in the first place direct all its force against the vestiges of feudalism, which benefit only the nationalist bourgeoisie.

III

The nationalist question is far less pressing along the frontier in Galicia, which includes four provinces—La Coruña, Lugo, Orense, and Pontevedra—and has a total population of 2.1 million people. Galicians also inhabit the north of Portugal, and their language bears strong resemblance to Portuguese. The country, which is not an industrial centre, has sixty thousand workers, that is, only 2.8 per cent of the total population. On the other hand, vestiges of feudalism are more powerful here than in any other region. Nine-tenths of the Galician peasantry hold their land for an indefinite number of years. It is parceled out in very small allotments, and strips leased to one tenant are separated from each other by strips leased to other tenants. Galicia is famous for its cattle raising, and the Galician soil and climate are very well adapted to wheat raising. But the cattle must be fed on corn, which the Galician peas-

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antry can buy cheap from Argentina. Since the Castilian landlords are interested in getting the highest possible price for their wheat in Galicia, they have established high tariffs on imported corn, thus forcing the Galician peasantry to raise domestic corn and buy expensive Castilian wheat. This is the economic crux of the Galician nationalist movement, in which all classes of society, but especially the petty-bourgeoisie and the cattle raisers, are working together under the common slogan of struggle against Madrid's 'bread monopoly.' This monopoly defends its own interests in the most ruthless manner. Furthermore, the struggle is intensified by the hatred of the taxes that the central government has imposed.

The Galician nationalists formulated their demands in 1931, and they have waited for Madrid's approval for four years, not daring to enter into open conflict. At the same time, the Left-wing autonomists are growing more and more impatient. Separatist tendencies are appearing, and some people have even threatened to join Portugal against Spain. The Catalan and Basque troubles, moreover, fan the flame of Galician nationalism.

The revolutionary movement in the cities and the countryside is growing day by day. During the past year the country districts have assumed an unusually important rôle. Refusal to pay feudal dues is often accompanied by the burning of private homes and forests. The struggle is also anti-religious. In several instances peasants have chased away their priests and burned the churches. The small number of workers and the comparative weaknesses of the Communist Party in Galicia tend to slow down the nationalist peasant movement.

In this way the nationalist problem in almost all regions is closely bound up with the agrarian question and the struggle of the peasantry against landlords and vestiges of feudalism. Here is definite proof that Stalin was right when he said that 'the peasant problem is at the core of the nationalist problem.'

The bourgeoisie has shown its utter incompetence to solve either of these two dilemmas. Even the petty reforms that it has attempted to introduce only complicate matters, intensify the resentment of the peasants, strengthen national discontent, and give rise to separatist tendencies. The proletarian revolution alone is able to solve both the nationalist and the agrarian problem, and, by confirming the right of minorities to self-determination, it alone can create a truly unified and democratic Spain.

II. Walking through Spain

By Antonio Sánchez Barbudo

Translated from *Luz*, Madrid Liberal Daily

For three years I have traveled steadily through the towns, cities, and villages of Spain, becoming adept at wandering, at settling myself in one spot and admiring another from afar. I have learned to greet the intimacy of date palms waving at the shore and to say farewell to the light-

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house blinking at the river's mouth. Three years of travel have made me leisurely. I know how to look at a landscape and discover its youth and virginity—the Spanish countryside, sky, and earth with secrets still unrevealed; and I have seen its uprooted, mysterious men.

At many places I believed I had found its centre, gazing from a promontory in the afternoon at the clear, beautiful rock formations, the soft colors, and the infinite space beyond. There was a striking precision in everything nearby, precision and mystery; only the range of blue mountains in the distance were vague. One could not say that the roofs below me sheltered calm and repose. At times men live restlessly in their peace, and at times they seem to be asleep, but from such an altitude one did not perceive their agitation, and the streets, the gardens, and the bell tower seemed to lie still or to stir as if merely dreaming their own lives.

When seen from afar, towns have no life; they are like a handful of earth thrown between the hills. That is why entering them is like stepping over the threshold of existence. We at once discover nicely painted façades and bright colors, streets and squares of surprising charm, and men and women seated at their work, serious or smiling—figures that tell us many things before they speak.

II

This is the town in which we are now living. Everything surprises us—a lettered sign or the little old man with his cane, this or that view, an innocent detail, or the face of a wondering child. We feel ourselves besieged, but the men and women are moving about without concern, as if responding to a music they alone can hear.

Many inhabitants of this town have never been away from their own four corners, yet the young girls laugh as if they had learned the art of laughter many centuries ago. There is a café, darkened by day, but full of smoke and voices at night where men discuss politics and look very much like men in other cafés, and there are also men who keep silent as if they knew nothing, although their faces wear lively expressions. The radio stands in the corner. At twelve one can turn the dials and get Madrid. Silence: some lean slightly forward to catch every word; they all listen, even those who do not understand. Then comes discussion or light comment. It is moving and painful to hear the news of Spain and the world. At last someone makes a disdainful gesture, not because he is pessimistic, but because he is skeptical, bored, tired, lazy, and poor. Perhaps to break the tension a coarse joke is told, followed by a harsh laugh that soothes spirits hardened by toil.

What attracts me most in a small town is the park or public garden with green shrubbery and strange, melancholy flowers. The benches are decorated with modern, cheerful tile, as Andalusian and lively as a madrigal of the Quintero brothers, and a band in the centre trumpets forth indefinable melodies—waltzes, *contradanzas*, and *zarzuelas* that are recent hits. Everywhere, in the sandy walks and rose arbors, one observes a delicate municipal hand bent on producing an idyllic effect. The eyes of the girls who come to promenade—some old-

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fashioned and set for the chase, others tanned and in white sport dresses—are lit with a fire that shouts a trite and ancient message. I shall never forget the night when I crossed the frontier into feverish, shadowy Spain and noticed the life in the eyes of languid peasants.

I have often lost myself in a Spanish village, lying on a bridge and watching, with a kind of terror, the silhouettes of men passing and disappearing. I have seen cathedrals at night and illuminated slums offering their voluptuous refuges. I have forgotten myself many times and believed that I was living out of Spain; I felt as confused as if I had found myself on a new planet. I approached the great reservoir of unknown things, and I finally wept at finding myself alone in so many places.

III

But I am beginning to understand Spain. To know a country one must go through its cities and fields and become familiar with its walls, buildings, and clothes. One must find places never before discovered and exceptional spirits; one must walk about as if familiar with things that make one marvel. One must know many faces and landscapes, men who remain behind one, passing laughter, towns that seem like extensions of other towns and towns that project into one's soul a melancholy that began elsewhere. To know a country is to enjoy and exhaust one's self on its roads and in its taverns, to climb its towers, to bore one's self with nostalgia in its brilliant cities, to lose one's self everywhere and never stop seeking. One walks over highways, watching the afternoon die in the rustling trees; unapproachable people, cold or passionate, walk beside one, each the prisoner of his destiny.

I am beginning to know this country, and I remember so much that I can already say that Spain is very difficult. Familiar and extreme, intimate and mediocre, poor, unlucky, spirited, coarse, inexhaustible, and always true to itself, Spain is like a hidden stream that bursts forth in spring, like a fury that cannot break its chains.

We Spaniards must orientate ourselves, discover a meaning in life, and impose a discipline on ourselves. The most pitiful nations are those that have nothing to say and from which nothing can be required. We must create a firm foundation for our lives before we can expect them to have more dignity. Apathetic nations sunk in impotence are the most deplorable.

We must control, if we cannot modify, the sordid dregs of humanity that are coming from the cities to invade the countryside. In the last two years the fat-bellied type of landlord has come back to the village with a chip on his shoulder, a bloodthirsty, ugly barbarian. With him is his son, refined and Catholic, sporting long pants and Fascist insignia. Fascists by virtue of blowing their own horns, as all Fascists do, these young gentlemen who were driven out have been triumphantly reinstalled. Fascism has achieved the feat of transforming the small-town dandy, the Madrid student who was timid and aimless, clumsy and brutal, into a champion of culture and the heir to St. Ignatius and the Cid. They defend their father's estate and talk Christian syndicalism. These 'anti-Marxists'

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with their unhealthy attitude, these presumptuous hangmen of the golden axe are certainly the most odious of all the fauna extant in Spain to-day.

The rich peasant, crafty and silent, who contemplates his slippers while he calculates interest rates and will stab a man in the back, is also frequently seen in the inns or buses with the priest or a member of the Guardia Civil. Their voices are like the essence of that repugnant nationalism that sometimes seems to permeate a whole village.

When the Republic arrived, one felt the birth of an impressive restlessness even in the most remote villages. But we do not know whether that wave will now subside for some time. The worst that we can wish for in Spain would be the peace that superficial and selfish interests are clamoring for, the strong hand that the suffering middle class is anxiously demanding and that the sinister and most evil elements desire.

I have seen peasants brought under the yoke again who praised their masters, but I have seen others who were even more rebellious, exalted, and terrible. Some are strong and disciplined, confidently awaiting their hour, and some are fearful, indifferent, disillusioned, and defeated, even though the fire still burns in their souls. One doubts whether Spain will conquer, whether we have begun to grow, or whether we shall remain bound by contradictions. Are we at last taking up the journey we halted four centuries ago, are we doomed to wonder whether that past splendor was nothing more than a dream, or is the agony of an eternal 'Generation of '98' to have no end in Spain? We must put the matter to the test and find out if the salvation that the present generation is attempting is possible. For our youth to-day has faith,—faith or madness,—and they have already begun the experiment.

I traveled a great deal in Spain, and perhaps I learned to see things. I observed 'sad and wide' Spain eternally waiting, but I still do not know whether it is time for the music to begin or whether we should bow our heads again. Perhaps our generation is still a transitional one, and those who still are not sure of their road should keep their own council until the time comes to speak.

III. The Two Aristocracies

By George Pendle

From the *Adelphi*, London Literary Monthly

RAMIRO DE MAEZTU sat in a small high room. Papers and books piled to the ceiling. By the door, a signed portrait of Primo de Rivera. 'It took me many years,' he said, 'to free my mind of the attractive untruths of the prophets of flux—Bergson, Shaw, and Co. Now I am royalist, militarist, Catholic . . .' His monarcho-Catholic monologue proceeded, emphatic and aggressive as a monologue of Don Quixote himself, until I realized that his passion was that of the fanatic whose head has been turned by the Spanish sun—the sun that beats the Castilian plain day-long,

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striking fire into the dry earth and into the minds of men.

Outside, carloads of *madrileños* were dashing back to town from the bull ring. Newsboys were beginning to shout the evening papers. I bought the Communist *Tierra* and read: 'To the worker, the idea of a republic signified social revolution. So the Republic was made with the blood of the proletariat. The proletariat were promised the land and freedom. But now, to their surprise, they find that the Republic has slipped into the hands of the same inept middle class that, since '98, imagines that Spain can be saved by speeches and gestures. The republic of the worker and the peasant has been betrayed.'

Studying Spain during the next few days, I realized that these two are the only worthy attitudes to the modern problem: the monarcho-Catholic attitude and the militant Communist attitude. The intermediate positions (named, in political jargon, 'labor,' 'radical,' 'centre') are untenable, abounding in inconsistencies and insincerities. The analysis of the situation is as follows:—

'Classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and . . . Catholic in religion,' —the monarcho-Catholics in Spain are absolutely consistent, having a definite traditional set of values by which to direct their thought and their action. The militant Communists are equally consistent and equally confident, with Marx and Lenin as touchstone and with the class war as an ever-present reality. The moderates, radicals, and laborites, on the other hand, are inconsistent and compromising and have no sense of direction whatsoever (unless the baldwinesque attitude of 'Safety First!'—*i.e.* 'Stop the World!'—can be considered a direction). It is they who made the present Republic and who now wish to conserve it against the Right and the Left—in other words, they have become conservatives, though they bear Left-wing political labels. It is they who created the constitution by which the Cortes of 1933 was elected and who now repudiate the Cortes as being unrepresentative. It is they who swear by democracy and yet, though they are a mere faction, claim to be the nation—which is a dictatorial claim, anti-parliamentarian, anti-democratic.

II

The future lies with the extreme Right and the extreme Left. These two alone have an authentic social faith. They alone know what they want and have the guts to say what it is. The indecisive middle is the enemy of both; it embraces neither and hampers both. The monarcho-Catholics and the Communists are the aristocrats of the nation; the middle is the mass man, taking upon himself no duties, no responsibilities.

These are the active political forces. Behind them is the all-embracing vision of the philosophers. The philosophers—I refer, of course, to the group of José Ortega y Gasset—entered active politics in 1931 and withdrew in 1933. They entered active politics because they knew that their own vision was clear and decisive. But, having taken their seat in the first Cortes of the Republic, they found that it was the mass man—the man of confused vision and of no responsibility—who had hold of politics. To fight the mass man, the philosophers would have to identify themselves

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either with the monarcho-Catholics or with the militant Communists. But their philosophic vision embraced both,—contrast the mass man, who is the negation of both,—transcended the rivalry, and penetrated beyond to a future that should result from the fertilization of the one by the other. So, rather than submit to the mass man and rather than mutilate their own personal unity by joining the one extreme or the other, they withdrew from active politics. Ultimately, there are only two aristocracies: the Catholic and the Communist. Since they are extremes, they often nearly meet. Spain incorporates both extremes in their purity and gives to both a vital impetus.

When Trotski prophesied that Europe would 'go Red at both ends' (Russia and Spain), he must have realized that in Spain the issue is clearer than elsewhere. In Spain, the two aristocracies are clearly defined. Yet they almost meet—they are united in their self-discipline (the mass man has no values by which to discipline himself); and they are united in so far as they both postulate a system of life—each of them has a synthetic conception of life, whereas the mass man has none.

At the time of the conquest of South America, Spain was profoundly Catholic. Whereas the colonizers of North America were Protestants, rebels going out to affirm their individuality, their mind free and individual, the conquerors of South America were still mediæval, belonging to a period prior to the rupture between Church and State, part of the great Catholic wholeness, not aggressive ego-units but prejustified organic parts. The inhabitants of North America appear now to be nearing their limit of expansion; they have become hard, ego-bound individuals, and the state founded upon their egos is itself a hard ego-bound entity. The inhabitants of South America, meanwhile, are awaiting the birth of the new organism of which they shall be parts, as they were parts of the great Catholic organism formerly.

Now the significant fact is that Spain, having sent out the *conquistadores* to South America, fell asleep. The Spanish race did not experience the Renaissance but slept through it, preserving its sense of the basic human realities, preserving a Catholic sense of 'the whole.' Spain has now suddenly awakened from the sixteenth century. Her people—the people of her two aristocracies—are struggling to subjugate the machinery (social, economic, industrial) of modern civilization to those basic human realities of which they, alone among western peoples, have preserved the intimate knowledge in their blood and in their mind. This struggle between a sixteenth-century consciousness and twentieth-century social forms throws into relief the conflicting elements. They are, ultimately, the same elements as we observe at work throughout the West; but in Spain they have an exceptional *netteté*, for in Spain the conditions of the struggle are exceptional and the human realities that have been sacrificed elsewhere to the fetish of mechanical progress have still their full vitality.

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This vivid description of a fire in an Argentine oil town calls symbolic attention to a possible source of war.

FLAMES *over* Argentina

By HELMUT BACHMANN

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

IT WAS a late spring. The Buenos Aires citizen read in his newspaper that water in the Rio had reached its lowest level, and the stricken farmers in the provinces were crying to the Government to provide them with money for seed. They had gained nothing from the rise in grain prices; they did not profit from the drought and bad harvest in the northern districts because they had sold their crops long ago and had completely exhausted their credit. In the south of the country and in the provinces of the Cordillera snow had ceased falling, and the first complaints of a heat wave were making themselves heard.

In the city one can already feel that winter is over. Most of the time one can go out without a coat, the damp cold has stopped, and the first clear sunny days with dry air are tempting the European visitors to go walking in the parks and along the Avenida Costanera that skirts the Rio. The real Argentines, however, are waiting until the heat in the streets makes the city unbearable. The unemployed, who spent the first hours of the night begging for a little bread and something to drink, have gone to sleep in the niches of the houses and the doorways near the port. They need only two thicknesses of wastepaper to keep warm. Until recently they had to provide themselves, somehow or other, with an old sack in order not to freeze during the night and meet the same fate that had overtaken so many of their comrades.

They do not care if the local fire engines come howling through the streets with their sirens in full blast at four o'clock in the morning, heading northward up the broad Avenida Leandro N. Alem. They do not care whether a fire has broken out or whether the fire department is merely practising. The last guests in the night clubs, the waiters and the dancing girls, the chauffeurs and the newsboys who are in the streets at this late hour leave them in peace. Let the fire

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go on. If it is of any consequence, it will all be in the newspaper.

And how it has burned. People have read columns and pages about it in the newspapers for days on end. And still it continues. Ever since August 28, Campana has been on everybody's lips. Campana is an industrial city north of Buenos Aires on the right bank of the Rio Paraná. Ten years ago its name became widely known because one of the big refrigerating plants there burned to the ground at a loss of five million pesos. But, as time passed, Campana regained its importance as a depot of the wholesale petroleum companies. The Compañía Nacional de Petróleo, the Compañía Ítaca, and the West Indian Company established reservoirs here, and many workers and their families poured into the city to earn their bread. Tanks with crude oil, gasoline, and benzine lined the riverside.

The facts of the catastrophe can be quickly told. During the night of August 27 and 28, at 2:44 in the morning—the time is easily fixed since all the clocks in the district suddenly stopped—a huge benzine tank exploded. The cause can never be established. There was some talk of sabotage, but there are numerous reasons for discounting it. Three workers close to the scene of the catastrophe were killed, and the tremendous flames of the explosion lit the surrounding tanks. New explosions followed, and during the first few days the fire department had to confine itself to preventing the fire from spreading. Until Friday, August 31, the wind was favorable, but then it shifted to the north and drove the flames toward those tanks that seemed to be saved, throwing the population into a new state of panic.

We went out there the day after the news of the catastrophe arrived. At first nothing suggested any unusual scene of flight. The blooming almond and peach trees in the suburban gardens, the young leaves on the weeping willows and the poplars, the new green grass in the pastures, and the water-lilies in the brooks clearly indicated that winter had ended. In fact, the city had already forgotten it.

Right outside the town the cattle pastures begin. The river runs through meadows with clumps of trees scattered here and there along its right bank. On the left bank lies a flat stretch of country many hundred yards wide, the monotony of which is fascinating. It consists of nothing but grass, barbed-wire fences, horses and cows, and an occasional dead body or pile of bones. You see a good many little hawks and an occasional *gavilán*, a decorative bird of prey that looks like a sparrow hawk. The sun shines clear, the dust of the big city vanishes behind us. The conversation of our fellow travelers concentrates on a single theme, Campana. When we have come within about thirty kilometres of our destination, we see huge black clouds of smoke blowing northward. Will the train go as far as Campana? Shall we have to get out first?

We are lucky. The clouds of smoke come nearer and grow larger. On the right, the first silver tanks that have survived the catastrophe shine brightly and peacefully in the sun. They look small against the wide landscape, and yet each one of them holds between five and ten million litres. The train rounds a curve, and

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we go close by the scene of the disaster. It is a wild picture of destruction. Right beside the tanks that have been spared, flames leap over the edges of a great cauldron fifty yards from the railway track, and thick smoke pours out of black ruined reservoirs, enveloping the train and everything else near it. We emerge coughing and perplexed and try to discover how we can best get near the fire. Every window in the station has been broken. A strip of corrugated iron twisted and warped covers a doorway. The square in front of the station is empty. The few houses in sight have boards nailed over their windows and doors. There is hardly a human being to be seen. The town itself lies further away, but it does not interest us; the fire attracts us more. A bridge crosses the railway track, and we go over it enveloped in smoke that conceals the tracks below. A worker shows us the way to the harbor. The force of the explosion has blown the roofs off the train sheds and hurled the bricks far and wide. Every iron wall has been torn loose and rolled up like an open sardine box.

II

The wooden wharf on the river leading to the tanks of the oil company is blocked by harbor police, and we have some difficulty in getting through. A ship lies by the water's edge, making all haste to get its cargo away from the danger zone. Over the roofs of the sheds by the river and through the clouds of smoke we see streams of water and hear an occasional shouted command. Unnoticed by the men on guard, we pass through the door of the plant and encounter water buckets, hidden pipes, soot, smoke, fire hose, and pump wagons. Not only are the fire engines from Campana and the surrounding districts at work, but they have come from Buenos Aires and even from La Plata, more than a hundred kilometres south of the capital. The firemen are dead tired, black, and unshaven. They have not rested over a period of more than thirty-six hours. Most of them are big, dark fellows, for half-breed Indians generally enter the police and fire departments since they have superb physiques. The fight appears hopeful. Some thirty tanks have exploded or caught fire. The chief efforts are now being devoted to two huge containers, each of which holds more than ten million litres and both of which are in flames. The rest of the fire fighters are at work south of the conflagration trying to protect the tanks that have still been spared. In the north there is no immediate danger, for everything there has already been destroyed. If only the wind does not shift!

A fire chief motions us back. He is in charge. In spite of his obvious fatigue, an ever-courteous officer of the marine police shows us the rooms in his station house. There are no more doors and windows left. They have fallen inside the building, frames and all. A sailor greets us, smiling and cordial. The usual, international double bed of the barracks saved his life. He was sleeping in the lower berth when the explosion occurred. The upper bed was empty, and its framework is now standing in the courtyard. Fragments of the roof tore it to pieces. Some marines are lying on the bare bedsprings in the patio and sleeping like the dead. The officer

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cheerfully and cordially provides us with dates and figures. He possesses official information and gives news about the casualties, which were fortunately small in comparison to the extent of the catastrophe. So far only two charred bodies have been extracted from the ruins, and of the forty people hurt only six are in a serious condition; and one worker has disappeared. The injured were brought to the Campana hospital, not one window of which was spared. We take leave of our guide. He asks for a copy of our report, which he will have translated. When we go he says, '*Auf Weidersehen*,' for he knows a little German.

We are now left to ourselves again and, enveloped in smoke, follow the railway tracks to approach the scene of the conflagration from the other side. After two hundred yards we notice that a fireman is following us suspiciously. We reassure him and explain that we have no intention of risking our lives and thus making trouble for him.

Our path takes us down a rise in the land, curving around the highest elevation on which stand the remains of the completely annihilated villa of the founder of Campana. Thirty-six hours have passed since the explosion occurred, and Campana itself looks as if it had been ravaged by a hurricane. Not a window pane has survived; hardly a door remains in its proper position. The corrugated iron blinds on the shops are bent and twisted as if some enormous fist had struck them. Most of the roofs have been lifted off the houses, and the iron barracks have been reduced to a miserable pile of scrap iron. All the streets glitter with bits of broken glass; the larger pieces have already been swept away; people stand about idle and dazed. All the shops are closed, and those that are not completely destroyed have not been opened for fear they would be plundered.

Little groups gather on the main street, and, incredible as it may seem, they can be heard laughing, though behind their laughter one always detects a note of terror at what they have gone through and a note of fear of what to-morrow may bring. A big, well-built man explains that he was lying peacefully asleep when suddenly he heard a loud roar like some terrific storm. Before he could discover its cause, he and his bed landed on the floor below. The roof fell in with him, but he suffered no hurt. He then ran out on the street, which was full of people, and, when he saw that he was not the only one in trouble, he calmed down. In a café without a single window two people sit quietly playing cards while five minutes away dangers of every kind threaten them in the huge oil tanks.

Two days after we visited Campana, what everybody feared happened. The wind shifted, turned to the north, and more tanks caught fire. Those who had remained in the town fled, fearing more explosions. The whole district burst into flames, and the smoke carried as far as the suburbs of Buenos Aires. The extent of the damage is not yet known, but it is estimated at about a hundred million pesos.

Probably the rest of the tanks will be sold for whatever they will bring, and it is still uncertain whether more tanks will be built in the same place. The fire raged for six days and was not extinguished until September 3.

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Our favorite Arabian traveler, Leopold Weiss,—alias Mohammed Asad,—describes part of an automobile journey that he made from Aleppo to Baghdad.

The Road *to* BAGHDAD

By MOHAMMED ASAD

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zürich German-language Daily

THE desert unfolds. It lies before our feet, the old caravan road to the Euphrates stretches before us. Aleppo lies behind, a memory of extraordinary flavor and richness, a cradle of stone filled with strength.

We sit in a little Ford automobile. We journey over the Syrian desert. Sometimes it lies as smooth and flat as an asphalt pavement, often extending the whole length of the horizon in an uneven wave. A brick desert village flies past, its houses resembling honeycombs just like those in the 'desert paradise' of Aleppo.

Gradually the Euphrates appears on our left, muddy and quiet, with low banks. A calm lake, you cannot help thinking, until you see a swiftly drifting bit of wood, a raft, or a boat that the mighty stream is carrying. It is a broad and superb river. It makes no noise. It needs no romantic landscape to emphasize the still vastness of its life. It does not roar or splash; broad wide, unconfined, it moves noiselessly across the open plain. Its numerous curves are not caused by mountains and rocks; it chooses its own way through the invisible obstacles of the desert.

Hours pass, more hours, and days of travel still lie before us. Beside the Armenian chauffeur sits a young, well-dressed Bedouin. He will get out somewhere en route and disappear into the desert. His tribe's province—it is one of the many branches of the Anazeh, the greatest tribe in Arabia—lies west of Deirez Zor. He sits with his knees raised, one leg hanging over the side of the automobile. New shoes of red leather glisten on his feet. Probably he bought them at the Aleppo bazaar during his last day there. His face is brown and thin, and he looks like a bird that keeps always on the alert. My other companion is Ibn Zuqair of

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Aleppo, a very rich merchant from Nejd. He is going to Deirez Zor to look over a big herd of camels that are being driven for him from northern Nejd to Syria to be sold. It is a pleasure to have him beside me, for he has an inexhaustible supply of stories.

Often we encounter camel riders who appear in the middle of the desert, stand still for a while, watching the automobile pass, and then set their beasts in motion again, continuing their journey with that swaying motion that makes the rider feel as if he were on the ocean wave. They are shepherds, and the sun has burned their faces bronze. A little tumble-down caravanserai, in which we take on fresh water for our engine, lies in the middle of the desert. A troop of about twenty Bedouin soldiers are resting in a little courtyard roofed over with palm leaves. They are Ageyl, named after one of the leading families in the middle of Nejd, for very nearly all these bold soldiers in Syria, Iraq, and Transjordania have come from Nejd, the home of so many Arabian warriors and adventurers.

As I draw near, most of them are engaged in prayer. They have left their guns leaning against the outer wall of the caravanserai, and their horses stand somewhat apart under the shelter of the palm leaves. The men gradually rise from prayer, surround us, and invite us to take coffee with them. Almost all of them know the name of Ibn Zuqair although their garrison is in Tadmur, or old Palmyra.

'We are the last who ride horses and camels,' one of them says. 'The other detachments are all equipped with automobile trucks.' Thus our ridiculous twentieth century has begun to mechanize the riders of the desert.

We journey five hours, six hours, seven hours, brief pauses in solitary caravanserais being broken by endless empty stretches. A strong wind blows the sand sharply against our faces. We cross long flinty expanses and occasional stretches of grass or thorny bushes. On our right rises a chain of hills, barren and cleft, their chalk stone crumbling under the hot sun. They shut off the endless expanse of the great desert from our eyes. What is on the other side of that small range of hills? Although we know well enough that the same flat or hilly wastes of flint present their undisturbed ruggedness to the sun, we cannot help feeling that there is something mysterious in the air. What may there be on the other side?

Again we come upon the broad expanse of the Euphrates, and it seems like meeting an old friend. Its sedge-covered banks form a fertile strip covering this sleeping expanse of earth. Half a kilometre to the right and left of the river grow high, green grass and bushes, with a wild palm here and there emerging from the muddy soil. But everywhere else, both right and left, there is nothing but desert, and a sharp line divides the living from the numb, for the desert is paralyzed, not dead. Occasionally it wakes from its dream, gives forth breath, and a bed of dry grass emerges between sand dunes and stone. It also sends forth its breath in the form of hundreds of little emerald-green birds the size of swallows, which fly through the air, slim of body and slender of wing. Now and then we also encounter a cloud of grasshoppers, gray and blurred, roaring like an angry army over the earth.

We follow a barely discernible road.

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The chauffeur, an Armenian from Aleppo, does not seem to know the meaning of fatigue. The hours of our journey pass one by one. The seventh is over, the eighth, the ninth.

When the first faint touch of twilight begins to descend, we find ourselves clattering down a stony mountain-side. The automobile bounces all over the place, jolts across blocks of chalk, and curves sharply around steep hanging cliffs. Does n't the Armenian's hand at the steering wheel look a little uncertain? He wants to reach Deirez Zor before night. His eyes have an irritated look. We have to stop and pour water from leather buckets into the radiator. One of those chains of blue-gray pearls that the Bedouins hang around the necks of their horses to ward off the evil eye hangs from the radiator. It seems as if the desert and its spirit were stronger than the machine.

II

Again we set forth. Twilight deepens. We have now been going more than ten hours. We encounter more sharp turns and ghostly rocks jutting out in the middle of the road. Here a stone, there a sharp corner, there a hole in the ground. Quail fly past, gray in the gray twilight. We can hardly see them, although they are so close we could almost reach out and touch them with our hands. Completely at the mercy of the chauffeur on whom the safety of our bones depends, we look at nothing but the road. Only the young Bedouin in the front seat gazes indifferently ahead of him as if he were sitting in a coffee house at the bazaar. He still has one foot with its red shoe hanging over the side of the automobile, and he smokes one long cigarette after another.

A hole in the road gives us a terrific bounce. The automobile, twisted off its course, moves uncertainly through the rough country. If we had gone a hand's breadth further to the left, we should have flown head over heels through the air. Now we stop. The motor snorts and quivers like a living thing that has been mistreated. Between the bags on the running board I discover a half-melted cake of chocolate and give it to the chauffeur, who breaks it with unsure fingers. It is an appeal to his strength, and I want to do something to prevent us from coming to grief.

Eleven hours have passed. Night and stars. The mountains swim in a haze of graphite gray. Their outlines can barely be discerned, one above the other, apparently barring our road, though at the last minute there is always an opening for us to pass through. Finally we emerge on a high plateau where a road has recently been built. It is almost a boulevard. It shines so smoothly in the glow of our headlights that our bodies lose their tension. Far ahead of us we suddenly see a little light flicker—Deirez Zor, Deirez Zor. And the lonely desert town receives us with open arms. We emerge from darkness into light and from the desert into the midst of houses.

The caravanserai in which we spend the night is a new one and bears the marks of modern times. It has no stalls for animals, only a big courtyard with the traditional arcades so spaced as to admit automobiles. Above we find clean, bright rooms for travelers, devoid of furnishings, since

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people in this part of the world always take their more or less adequate bedding with them. The air in this desert village of Deirez Zor is cool and free of the mosquitoes from which Aleppo suffers. We lie down gratefully on the blankets that we have brought and let sleep come over us like a long-expected guest. Even in our dreams we still feel the vibration of the motor.

The next morning is cloudy and veiled in a soft mist. The main road runs broad and straight through the little town. It is halfway between a Syrian town and a Bedouin desert metropolis, and two worlds meet here in a curious way. While we are buying up-to-date, badly lithographed postcards in a little shop, two Bedouins nearby are talking about the Hammada and discussing the rumor of a war between Ibn Saud—the greatest of all Bedouins even in the minds of those over whom he does not rule—and the King of Yemen. Romantic Arabian flint muskets with long barrels and silver-inlaid stocks, weapons that nobody buys any more because the modern repeating rifle is much better and shoots much further, collect dust in a dark corner between American rubber tires, lanterns from Leipzig, and brown Bedouin cloaks from southern Iraq. Yet the new things beside so much that is old do not make a strange impression. Their usefulness has given them citizenship here. The alert realism of the true Arab does not cling to traditional relics for the sake of tradition if they have no other value than what tradition bestows. On the other hand, when the Arab takes up anything that is new and that did not exist yesterday, it becomes one of his inner possessions. It is as if these things breathed the same air as he and had some of the same blood in their veins. He does not take them in but takes them up—and loses none of his own inner reality in the process.

This happens because the Arabians—and I speak of the true Arabs, the Bedouins, and the inhabitants of eastern Arabia, not the mixed Levantine people that dwell near the seacoast—possess a tremendous endurance of soul, a peaceful assurance full of explosive possibilities but always anchored to an undisturbed, restful core that gives them the strength to take up with the things of our passing era and not be corrupted by them. For this era has finally reached them, even the most remote and faraway, although they do not regard it as anything hostile. They receive it with childish curiosity and feel it out from every side. They do not submit to it as slaves but bring their own alert observance to bear. They could not do otherwise, and that is what saves them.

In Deirez Zor the passenger list of our Ford automobile changes. My friend, old Ibn Zuqair of Aleppo, leaves us to look over the herd of camels that are to be driven here from Nejd, and the young Bedouin with the red shoes has already started for his native tent. A new traveler takes the seat beside the chauffeur, an Arab from Nejd, a Wahabi, strong and chary of words, with the characteristic red-and-white striped headkerchief. At first he is very retiring, and in spite of my Arabian clothes he detects the foreigner in me. But when he hears my name he takes notice, for he has heard of me in Riad and Medina. He himself comes from Bor-

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eyde in the centre of Nejd and deals in camels. He has been away from his native mountain land for many weeks, traveling across the Nefud desert through Hammada and southern Syria to Damascus. Having sold his animals, he is now returning to Baghdad to close the circle of his journey by way of Koweit and the deserts of northeastern Arabia.

III

We leave Deirez Zor in the morning. In the middle of the desert the chauffeur discovers that he has forgotten to take water to cool the engine. There is not a spring or settlement anywhere around. As far as the eye can see there is nothing but flat hills of brilliant white limestone and bushes growing here and there. A light warm wind, in spite of the time of year, blows over them, or rather falls horizontally along them without beginning or end, the hot breath of eternity.

The chauffeur, casual as all Levantines, remarks, 'Oh, well, we'll go along this way to the nearest caravanserai.' But it seems that we do not go along. The sun shines hot. The radiator boils like a tea kettle. We meet shepherds riding on camels and ask for water. 'No, there is none within a fifteen-hour camel journey.'

'What do you drink?' asks the amazed chauffeur.

The Bedouins laugh. 'We drink milk,' and they point to the grazing camels scattered all over the plain and gaze in silent amazement at these comic people, sitting in a swiftly traveling devil's wagon and asking for water in the middle of the desert, where every young shepherd boy knows that there is no water the length and breadth of the land.

The chauffeur gradually loses the casual pose that he has assumed. He stops the car, opens the radiator cap, and a column of steam juts white and whistling into the air. I have a little water in a big canteen and sacrifice it to the god of the machine. A little oil is added, and the brave Ford carries us somewhat further. An unpleasant picture presents itself: here we are, stuck in the middle of the desert without food or water, obliged to wait until another automobile passes —perhaps to-morrow or the next day. On the road between Damascus and Baghdad it would be quite different, for that is a regular highway and hundreds of people go in both directions every day. Here, however, between Aleppo and Baghdad the traffic is very sparse and irregular.

'Perhaps we'll find some water over there to the right,' says the chauffeur. 'That hill looks as green as if fresh grass were growing on it, and, if there is fresh grass there at this time of year before the rainfall, why should n't there be some water?'

Logic always has something compelling about it, and even now it takes effect. We leave the road and cross a few kilometres of rough country and hills. But there is no water. The hill is merely covered with jade-green stone. The motor gurgles. The cylinders knock. Gray smoke pours out of the hood. A little further, and the motor will crack. Our search for water has led us far off the caravan road. If the motor stops now, we shall be left hopelessly in waste land. Almost our entire oil supply has now been put into the radiator, and the chauffeur is half crazy with nervous-

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ness. He looks for water left and right. He shakes every receptacle but cannot find any water, and the bottle of cognac that he pours hopelessly into the radiator does no good. We soon find ourselves wrapped in a haze of alcohol smoke, which the man from Nejd regards as almost a sin.

This, however, shakes him out of the stony motionlessness in which he has sat congealed up to now. With a scornful gesture he pulls his head cover further down over his eyes, leans over the side of the automobile, and looks keenly at the ground with that precise, careful air peculiar to people who have lived a great deal in the open and are accustomed to looking out for themselves. We wait to see what will happen, for, as he told us before, he has never been in this part of the world. Finally he points his hand northward and says, 'There.'

The word works like a command, and the chauffeur, delighted to have somebody take the responsibility off his shoulders, instantly obeys. We move northward, our motor knocking loudly. The man from Nejd suddenly leans out of the automobile, lays his hand on the chauffeur's arm, and has him stop. Then he sits for a while with his head leaning forward as if he were a hunting dog picking up the scent, and his tight lips vibrate with a barely perceptible tension. 'Go that way,' and he points in another direction. 'Quickly!' and again the chauffeur obeys without a word. After a minute he shouts, 'Stop,' and springs lightly from the automobile, raises his mantle in both hands, and runs in a straight line. He stops, turns, seems to be listening or smelling, and circles about a few times. For a moment the marvelous spectacle of a man trying to orientate himself to nature has made me forget the motor entirely. Suddenly he runs further in long strides, disappears in a hollow between two hills; then his head appears, and he waves his hands: 'Water.'

Both of us run toward him. In a little pocket protected from the sun by overhanging bits of rock a little pool of water glistens. It is a remainder of the last rain, yellow-brown and slimy, but it is water none the less. Water. The man from Nejd possesses an incredibly keen desert instinct, and, while we carry water in cans and empty gasoline containers and pour it into the maltreated motor, he walks smiling, a silent hero, up and down beside the automobile.

In the evening we reach the village of Abu Kemal, the last French outpost before the boundary between Syria and Mesopotamia. The broad Euphrates flows silently in the damp evening, past the few mud huts of the village and the tumble-down caravanserai. The reeds stand motionless on the bank in bunches, looking like men of some remote time bowed down in prayer, offering their wordless requests to the elements.

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A famous team of Russian humorists ridicules the attempt of a Soviet writer to produce a Communist version of *Robinson Crusoe* as outlined for him by a scrupulously orthodox Communist editor.

A SOVIET Robinson

By I. Ilf and E. Petrov

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*
Prague German-language Daily

THE editorial offices of the fortnightly illustrated Soviet magazine, *Adventure*, were suffering from a terrible lack of masterpieces capable of arousing the interest of young readers. There was no dearth of literary material, but it was not of the kind that the editors wanted. It was all written in too deadly earnest and would bore young readers instead of exciting them. The editors therefore decided to begin a serial story and summoned the novelist, Moldavantsev, who seated himself the next day on the comfortable sofa in the editorial office.

'You understand,' said the editor, 'that the novel must be exciting, fresh, and full of interesting adventures. It must be a Soviet Robinson Crusoe novel and so thrilling that the reader cannot put it down.'

'Robinson, good,' said the novelist laconically.

'No, not just Robinson Crusoe, but a Soviet Robinson Crusoe.'

The novelist, however, was not a talkative fellow. Obviously, he was a man of action.

He finished his novel on the appointed day. Moldavantsev had not wandered very far from the famous original. It was to be a Robinson Crusoe, and that is just what he produced. A young Soviet citizen is shipwrecked. A wave casts him up on a desert island. He is alone and helpless. Mighty nature presses in on him. Dangers threaten on every side, wild animals, the jungle, heavy rains, but the energetic Soviet Robinson overcomes every difficulty, however insurmountable. After three years a Soviet expedition discovers him and finds him in the best of health. He has conquered nature, built a house, surrounded it with a green ring of gar-

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dens, established a rabbit farm, and made himself clothes from monkey skins. He has a trained parrot that wakes him every morning with the words, 'Get up. Take off the covers. Take off the covers. Do your morning exercises.'

'Very good,' said the editor, 'and the part about the rabbits is simply superb—very up-to-date. But look here. The fundamental idea of your work is not clear to me.'

'The struggle of man against nature,' Moldavantsev replied, with his usual brevity.

'Yes, but there is nothing of a Soviet character in it.'

'How about the parrot? He represents the radio, an experienced announcer.'

'The parrot is good, and the ring of gardens is fine; but there is not a trace of the social structure of the Soviet state. Where, for instance, is the local committee or the trade union playing its leading rôle?'

Moldavantsev became excited. As soon as he felt that his novel might be rejected, his taciturnity vanished. He grew eloquent. 'But why a local committee? The island is uninhabited.'

'Of course, it is uninhabited, but there must be a local committee. I am not a writer and an artist, but if I were in your position I should have introduced them as a Soviet element.'

'But the whole plot is based on the idea that the island is uninhab . . .' Moldavantsev suddenly caught the editor's glance, and he stopped in the middle of the sentence. The editor's eyes shone with a springtime freshness. There was so much bright March weather and blue sky in them that he decided to compromise.

'You are right,' he said raising a finger, 'of course. Why did n't I think of that at the beginning? The storm cast up Robinson and the chairman of the local committee on the shore.'

'And two members as well,' said the editor quickly.

'Oh, dear,' groaned Moldavantsev.

'Why "oh, dear"? I say two members, and let us add an able-bodied girl who collects the funds.'

'But how is that possible? Whom shall she collect money from?'

'From Robinson.'

'But that is the business of the chairman.'

'There you are mistaken, Comrade Moldavantsev. The chairman of a committee is not so unimportant that he can run around collecting contributions. We are struggling against that. He must engage in serious work as a director.'

'Good. Then we'll include the girl who collects the contributions,' said Moldavantsev humbly. 'She can marry the chairman or perhaps Robinson. That will make the story more interesting.'

'No, that's out. You should not introduce unhealthy eroticism in literature for children. She will simply collect the contributions and keep them in a safe.'

Moldavantsev thrashed about on the sofa. 'But, please, there cannot be a safe on a desert island.'

II

The editor began to reflect. 'Just a minute, just a minute,' he said, 'that gives a wonderful opening for your first chapter. Along with Robinson and the members of the local committee the sea also casts up a lot of other things on the beach.'

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'An axe, a gun, a compass, a cask of rum, and a bottle of medicine to ward off scurvy,' announced the author triumphantly.

'Strike out the rum,' said the editor quickly. 'And why a bottle of medicine to ward off scurvy? Who needs that? A bottle of ink would be much better and a safe. In any case, a safe.'

'You and your safe! The contributions of the members can be kept safely in a hollow tree trunk. Who would steal them?'

'Who? How about Robinson and the chairman and the advisory committee?'

'So they're all saved, too?' asked Moldavantsev shyly. 'All right.'

Silence. 'Perhaps a table for meetings might also be saved?' the writer asked maliciously.

'Unquestionably. You must provide the workers with what they need for their work. Good. Also give them a carafe, a clock, and a tablecloth. The waves might perfectly well have washed up a tablecloth or two—one red and one green. I do not want to destroy the process of artistic creation, but, my dear fellow, there is one thing that you must bring out above all else. You must portray the masses, the broad masses of workers.'

'But the waves could not have thrown whole masses of workers on the shore,' Moldavantsev insisted. 'That is against the plan of the book. Just stop to think. How could the ocean wash tens of thousands of people ashore? That is absurd.'

'Just a minute,' said the editor, 'a little sound, refreshing, hearty laughter can do no harm.'

'No, the waves of the ocean could never do that.'

'But why have any waves?' the editor suddenly began to wonder.

'How else could the masses reach the island? I thought the island was supposed to be uninhabited.'

'Who told you that? There you are making a great mistake. Everything is quite clear now. There is an island or, better still, a peninsula. That makes it much pleasanter and a great many exciting, fresh, interesting adventures will occur there. In rest periods trade-union work will be done. The able-bodied girl discovers many deficiencies even among the contributions of the members. The broad masses and the chairman of the committee help her. Toward the end you might have a general conference of members. It will be very realistic, especially from the artistic standpoint, and that is everything.'

'How about Robinson?' murmured Moldavantsev, almost unconscious.

'Ah, yes, I am glad you reminded me. Robinson raises a difficulty. Throw him out. He is an absurd, whimpering, inappropriate figure.'

'Now I understand everything,' said Moldavantsev in a dying voice. 'It will be ready to-morrow.'

'Fine. Good-by. Continue your creative work. Moreover, at the beginning of your novel there is a shipwreck. Write it without a shipwreck. It will be more interesting. Understand?'

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BOOKS ABROAD

LA RÉPUBLIQUE DES COMITÉS, *Essai d'Histoire Contemporaine, 1895–1934. By Daniel Halévy. Paris: Grasset. 1934.*

(Margret Boveri in the *Berliner Tageblatt*)

DANIEL HALÉVY, man of letters, collaborator of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, author of a book on President Wilson, has just written a small book on the rise and fall of the Radical-Socialist Party in France. He calls it an 'essay in contemporary history,' but it begins with the Romantics, for Lamartine in 1848 was the precursor of the present Radical Party; it ends with the Stavisky scandal. The entire book possesses the most biting savagery; every sentence contains a condemnation. The judgments that he pronounces are not profound. They are not the kind of morals that are embroidered and hung on the walls of respectable houses. They are elegant, rapid, and glittering, and they are formulated in such a pregnant style that they sweep the reader along with them. The book could be quoted at random.

Halévy describes Ledru-Rollin as the first typical Radical, a man 'known only to scholars and to taxi chauffeurs because of the boulevard which that brave maiden, the Third Republic, named after him.' Ledru-Rollin, a good Paris burgher, called himself an ultra-Radical and said, 'Only children are frightened of words.' Which leads Halévy to comment: 'This statement should be engraved in marble. Never did the Radical Party lack the courage of words. Ledru-Rollin, with his virile soul, ever-ready for heroics of speech, did not appear on the firing line during the Revolution of 1848 but only when the honors were distributed.' And '*Ledru-Rollin in æternum*'—that is the refrain that runs through all Halévy's book.

Though the book is malicious and completely one-sided, it contains a great deal of new political, social, and historical information. It gives, for instance, a very good description of how the Party's centre of gravity shifted from Paris to the countryside, to Gascony and Languedoc where the Sarraut brothers rule, and at the same time there went on an ever-increasing tendency to emphasize material things instead of the 'ideal.' Halévy makes the interesting statement that the French Ministry of the Interior is necessarily *the* Ministry of the Radicals. 'The Radicals have a flair for this Ministry. To occupy the important Ministry of Finance and Foreign Affairs a man must know something, and the Radicals know little. But the Ministry of the Interior —that is a completely different story. It means giving jobs to five hundred prefects and subprefects. It has to do with public safety, with policing a nation, and that is what suits our Radicals.' Thus, they always have occupied this Ministry, even during the War, which was their hardest time because 'the war has its own laws, and those laws are not theirs.' In 1922 Poincaré attacked this traditional post of the Party and installed Maunoury there. The new arm, how-

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ever, found itself 'completely incapacitated in hostile surroundings, incapable of reaching decisions, always holding a motionless pen that could not sign the most unimportant document, hindered by prefects, who, in turn, were being hindered by their subordinates.' The elections approached. Poincaré felt alarmed, and he quickly named a Radical senator, de Selves, as Minister of the Interior.

Halévy's most intense malice goes out to the characters of the present day. He does not spare the late Aristide Briand, who betrayed all his party colleagues. Herriot is handled with special penetration under the title 'Herriot, or the Sorrows of a Pianist.' Here is a typical passage: 'The clever Briand had thought out a specialty for himself. He had chosen a platform from which world peace could be proclaimed: "*Arrière les canons, arrière les mitrailleuses.*" Herriot, jealous of such a beautiful theme, tried something of his own and exclaimed: "The weapons of France are a rose and a cornstalk." When will the unhappy man stop talking?' Halévy shows that Herriot missed his calling. As a pianist he would have made such beautiful journeys. 'What receptions, what photographs! He would have sat down at the piano and played to the American women, and this form of demagogy would have been quite harmless.'

Pure malice is always unjust. Halévy does not leave a hair on the Radicals' heads, and, when he praises them, he cuffs their ears. Lack of ideas, delight in making pacts, horse trading, participation in every financial scandal, venality, and corruption—these are the charges, expressed in much finer language, that emerge from his book. The disarming thing about it is that it makes no attempt whatever to see the other side. Its polemics are so open and unconcealed that Halévy will not expect the reader to set down the book convinced that now at last he can form a final judgment on the Radical-Socialist Party.

HEROISCHE POLITIK. *By Wilhelm Rössle. Jena: Eugen Diederichs Verlag. 1934.*

(Wolfgang Hopker in the *Tat*, Jena)

A BOOK has just appeared that attempts to lay the foundations of politics on a basic understanding of history. What are the aim, meaning, and purpose of history and politics? The liberal era, being purely opportunistic and pacifistic, could give no other answer but progress. 'The greatest possible freedom for the individual and the greatest possible well-being for humanity.' Wars and revolutions did not fit into this scheme and therefore did not enter into consideration. Both were regarded as painful intrusions alien to the political sphere. To-day, however, are we not perhaps a little too much inclined to regard politics as merely an extension of revolution and to consider war as the ultimate manifestation of politics, as the final assertion of the nation? 'Struggle,' writes Rössle, 'is the essence of politics, but it is much more than a mere struggle for existence. It is characteristic of certain blind people to believe that men risk their lives in order to live.' Elsewhere he says, 'Though a man is not ready to risk his life for the improvement of his exterior condition, he is always prepared to die for Germany, for the nation, for the proletariat, for the

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king, for the leader, or for the mythical embodiment of historical ideas.'

To recognize that history has no purpose means to recognize that there can be no laws of history. 'The essence of history is mystery, just as the essence of a blade of grass is mysterious. One can no more explain history than one can explain nature.' These words do not constitute a refusal to make a decision, but they are a submission to destiny, to the ultimate meaning of life. Wilhelm Rössle renounces any system when he says: 'History does not develop organically or logically, but dialectically. As it proceeds, it remains subject to certain laws, but its essence is a creative desire to oppose the new to the old.'

This book is a passionate battle cry against the politically immature, the neutral, the non-political man, the burgher, and against his era of liberalism. 'Liberalism is a purely bourgeois point of view,' and the bourgeois point of view has become 'the incarnation of the liberal way of thinking and living. The burgher, in this sense, is the private citizen, the family man, the individualist, the non-political, non-historic, unheroic, humanitarian man.' Of course, we all have a bit of the burgher in us, an element of private life,—of family and wife,—an element that is non-political. But, as the closing words of this book emphasize, this is not a period when one can remain indifferent, for 'in political periods the burgher element in us has less right to live than in non-political periods.' Our time is filled to bursting with history in the making, and it is not difficult for us to decide for or against the burgher. These observations are not written for women, since the family has less to do with history than any other human institution. This is a virile book, a book for men, and at bottom is for a few of them only—for the really responsible leading group, which alone can fulfill its political and heroic 'categorical imperative.'

ENGLAND TAKES THE LEAD. *By Harold Fisher. London: Jonathan Cape. 1934.*

(Harold Nicolson in the *Daily Telegraph*, London)

EXPERTS, I have observed, are a trifle irritated, as were the priests of Ammon, by the simplification of their own formulas. They resent that the initiated should write legible books about their own arcana. Scientists, in this way, are apt to assent to Julian Huxley and Gerald Heard with a civil leer. Economists are apt to say that, although *A Treatise on Probability* is a magnificent work, it is a pity that Professor Keynes should have ever descended to *The Economic Consequences* either of the Peace or Mr. Winston Churchill.

Mr. Harold Fisher, a Midlands business man, this week has published a book entitled *England Takes the Lead*. This book may be either apocrypha or nonsense; I do not know; I do not very much care. All I feel is that it has enlarged the area of my own attention. Mr. Fisher has induced me to notice things that I had not noticed before; and he has induced me to notice things with which I was previously familiar in a different sort of way.

His title is unfortunate, for it does not correspond in any sense to the theme of his book. True it is that he implies that our own state of mind is more healthy than the states of

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mind in other countries. But he never for one moment asserts that we are intentionally more prescient than the governor of the Banque de France. His whole thesis, in fact, is to show that the statesmen of this world are but flotsam and jetsam upon the deep tides of circumstance and mass psychology.

His style, also, is frequently unfortunate. Mr. Fisher is at heart a romantic, and there are moments in this exposition of the behavior of money when he ceases to be clinical and becomes religious. He writes: 'There is an awe-inspiring cosmic grandeur about the play and interplay of the terrific volumes of promises to pay evoked by the passions of war and victory . . . that can be likened only to that of some tremendous symphony of the starry heavens deriving from the interradiation of the celestial bodies.'

When Mr. Fisher writes these dithyrambs, I am at once confronted by the shrinking figure of Mr. Norman behind his muffler or the assertive figure of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht above his high, white collar. I do not connect this visualization with any 'interradiation of celestial bodies.' I wish only that Mr. Fisher had refrained from writing, quite so frequently, quite like that.

Yet his book, for a layman, is tremendously interesting. It deals with the behavior of money in the mass. Mr. Fisher is one of those elastic economists who regard the gold standard much as Arthur Hugh Clough regarded the Thirty-nine Articles—namely, with reverent disgust. For him, money is little more than a legal fiction and one that attains to reality only when it becomes a voucher for paying taxes. It is an elaborate game, a 'let's pretend' carried on by many serious and perplexed gentlemen in a spirit of anxious honesty.

Mr. Fisher indicates to the humbler rentier that this whole monetary business is little more than the emperor's clothes. The ordinary rentier feels stimulated by his encouragement but a little lost. Mr. Fisher assures him that he is on the verge of becoming excitingly prosperous, that the greatest boom ever known is on the way. Yet, if money is no more than a legal fiction, what matters it to the rentier if in the next budget Mr. Chamberlain relieves him of sixpence in the pound? The ordinary person is quite prepared to think in terms of goods and services; but, when it comes to feeling, he feels in terms of his own bank passbook.

'It may be,' writes Mr. Fisher, in his dithyrambic vein, 'that the same orchestra is now tuning up for a work of as great, if not greater, splendor, the theme of which shall not be bloodshed and despair but a triumphant bursting forth of spiritual and mechanical energy that will carry mankind to heights it has never known.' When I read a passage such as this, I feel both triumphant and bursting forth. But I do not feel it for long. There comes the awful thought—suppose that Mr. Fisher be wrong? That thought is apt to remain as a drag upon one's satisfaction.

Let it not be supposed that this is an emotional or unintelligent book. I have quoted the less attractive passages since I resent their presence in a book that should be wholly candid and calm. Yet it is a good book. It possesses brilliance and a basis. All I can say is that I have read it with fascinated hope.

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AUTHOR HUNTING: *by an old Literary Sportsman: Memories of Years Spent Mainly in Publishing, 1897–1925. By Grant Richards. London: Hamish Hamilton. 1934.*

(Frank Swinnerton in the *Observer*)

WHEN I was young, very few people indeed knew anything about publishers. They might occasionally notice that a book was pleasantly produced; authors might flock a little to some firm that had been associated with a success; but as a rule the imprint at the foot of the title page meant about as much to the world as does the name of the author of a new play in a theatre programme. There has been a change. Nowadays publishers are almost too prominent; they sometimes overshadow their authors. And the imprint of a good publisher can do much to encourage a shy public to venture upon new authors or old authors in a new vein. Publishers are, furthermore, literate. They write books.

There are several notable reasons for this change; and the name of one of them is Grant Richards. I am not quite old enough to remember when Mr. Richards, in his own phrase, 'pulled down the shutters' in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden (he did this on the first of January, 1897); but I well recall the mingled glee and horror that he aroused by his publication in 1901 of the first three fat volumes of the world's classics. Viewing their corpulency, we all said: 'They can't *possibly* pay.' And we bought them. Everybody bought them. Of course, they paid.

That was the sort of thing Mr. Richards did; the sort of thing he has been doing all his life. Indeed, Mr. Bernard Shaw suggested as a fit title for Mr. Richards's reminiscences *The Tragedy of a Publisher Who Allowed Himself to Fall in Love with Literature.* My own counter-suggestion is *The Comedy of a Publisher Who Loved Publishing for Its Own Sake.* What is tragedy but a failure of the spirit? Mr. Richards, more modest than Mr. Shaw and I would have him, calls his book *Author Hunting*, which suggests loathsome sport with ferrets; but he was never a hunter. An explorer, perhaps; or a collector of rare specimens; a lover of adventure. One can read the story of his career in this delightful and absorbing book, and the moral of that story is the moral of every tale of adventure. It is: he took risks.

He took a risk when he began publishing at the age of twenty-four with a capital of fourteen hundred pounds. He had had a couple of years' experience in a big firm of wholesale booksellers, and he had had seven years with W. T. Stead on the *Review of Reviews.* He knew nothing about book production (he still writes, upon the technical side, rather gingerly); but he knew his own mind, and he enjoyed the very act and hazard of producing the books he wanted. He had the promise of certain guides to be written by his uncle, Grant Allen, and his first contract was with Edward Clodd for *Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley.* But, more than that, he had his eye upon a few likely authors, of whom one was none other than Mr. Shaw. He published Mr. Shaw.

At one time it seemed as though Mr. Richards was doing most of the London publishing. He was the first, for one thing, to depart from old-style list advertising, and his boldness took away the breath of the less hardy.

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They measured his spaces, calculated the cost of them, and shook their heads. He published books as if he believed he could sell them; or, rather, as if he believed that they were worth reading. He published experimentally, adventurously. He discovered Sir Hugh Clifford; when another publisher was rather timid over Mr. Chesterton's *The Wild Knight*, he ventured with it. He really did pursue Mr. A. E. Housman and obtained the second and all subsequent editions of *A Shropshire Lad*. He read a poem by Mr. Masefield, wrote to demand a book, and for some years was Mr. Masefield's publisher. The list of his associations is very long and always interesting. He was quick to see talent and ready to support it—a born publisher. There are not many of these, and when they arise they give spice to the trade in books.

In Mr. Richards's case English authors were reinforced by at least two very distinguished Americans, Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser, and this reminds me to say that Mr. Richards was the only English publisher who made a practice of visiting the United States. He used to go every year and thus did a great deal in the way of reciprocity to encourage an ever-growing sympathy between the literature of the two countries. Cosmopolitanism we had had before, in William Heinemann; Mr. Richards looked, and went, still further afield. It was one of his adventures. Another was the writing of novels, which he took easily in his stride, so that his first book, *Caviare*, was a best-seller of its day. I do not know whether the power to write best-selling novels helps a publisher with his authors. It may well confirm their belief that there is nothing in publishing. But it showed Mr. Richards as a man with what the late Andrew Chatto called 'the power of the pen'; and it showed in another instance how willing he has always been to take his risks and live dangerously.

WITH what persistence did he waylay Mr. Bernard Shaw, and with what delightful gaiety did that dramatist superintend the production of his early plays! *Author Hunting* is rich in new Shaw letters, all of high class. As, for example, when Mr. Richards had been spending a quiet fortnight at St. Moritz and Mr. Shaw wrote:—

'This letter of yours comes well, Grant Richards, from a man who has been bounding idly up the Jungfrau and down the Matterhorn to an exhausted wretch who, after a crushing season, has slaved these four weeks for four hours a day at your confounded enterprise. I have sent three plays to the printer, transmogrified beyond recognition, made more thrilling than any novel; and he has sent me proofs of only one, of which it has cost me endless letters and revises to get the page right, to teach him how to space letters for emphasis, and how to realize that I mean my punctuation to be followed.

'I had no idea of the magnitude of the job. Anything like a holiday is out of the question for me. Must I endure in addition the insults of a publisher for whom I am preparing, with unheard-of toil, a gigantic triumph? Read *Mrs. Warren;* and then blush for your impatience if you can.'

But the book is also rich in details of many publishing enterprises and many reminiscences of famous authors with whom Mr. Richards has had his en-

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counters. Those years from 1897 were exciting years in the arrival of new talents. Mr. Wells, for example, was just beginning to publish books, and Mr. Richards was hot upon his trail from the start. Arnold Bennett figured in the Richards list in 1901. William Orpen, William Hyde, Charles Conder —all had their contacts with Mr. Richards. There were suggestions that he should publish a book of George Moore's with illustrations by Orpen. All these men, and a hundred others, and the meetings and negotiations with them contribute interesting pages to the book (Mr. Richards confounds *Sacred and Profane Love*, by the way, with *Whom God Hath Joined*, and his guess at the reason for Arnold Bennett's brief coquetry with David Nutt as a publisher is astray); but what is of chief interest in his book is the clear light that it throws upon the gloriousness of intelligent publishing. Here he adds to a literature that is increasingly rich and informative.

There is no doubt at all that the best technical book dealing with publishing is Mr. Stanley Unwin's *The Truth about Publishing*. But a new kind of writing by publishers is more intimate than that which Mr. Unwin attempted. We have had Mr. Garfield Howe's little book of confessions,—*Of the Making of CXXV Books, a Publisher's Bibliography*,—in the course of which one enthusiast sets out with candor the fate of all his ventures. Now Mr. Richards lets us into a number of his own secrets of profit and loss, and the result is most illuminating:—

'I lost money on, or locked money up in, Maeterlinck's *Aglavaine and Sélysette*, on Jane Austen's novels, on Leonard Merrick's *The Actor-Manager* and *One Man's View*, on almost all the children's books I published, and especially on those excellent picture books in which the pictures were by Mrs. Farmiloe and the verses by E. V. Lucas (I even lost money on that delightful little nursery classic, E. V. Lucas's *The Flamp*), the Grant Allen guides, E. H. Lacon Watson's *Benedictine*, Will Rothenstein's *English Portraits*, Mrs. Meynell's *Flower of the Mind* . . .'

The list goes on. I shall quote no more of it. I have done enough to show that when he chooses to do so Mr. Richards gives us as many facts as we can wish. His picture is not confined to such details. It is large and general, intimate and personal. It makes publishing (as it should be) as interesting as a romance. And that is because for Mr. Richards, as for any right-minded publisher, publishing is not a matter of profit and loss, but of courage and enthusiasm. Taste, daring, adroitness, tact, and humor are all necessary qualities in a good publisher. All these qualities Mr. Richards has had. He adds to them a long and usually accurate memory, a pleasant but not a rambling style, modesty, great charm, and—it is what we all long to possess and far too often want —the capacity to interest readers of every kind. *Author Hunting* is a good and a delightful book for all who love books and all who care to know how they come into existence and into publishers' lists. I can highly commend it.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Literature by Children

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *New Statesman and Nation* of London who calls himself 'a hard-bitten worker in an elementary school' has collected some remarkable writing by British children—so remarkable, indeed, that the *Izvestia* of Moscow translated it into Russian. Here, for instance, is one boy's version of Æsop's 'Sick Lion,' rewritten from the point of view of the Fox:—

'"Hullo, Mr. Fox," said Mr. Wolf as he turned round to talk to me after a conversation with his brother.

'"Do you know Mr. Lion is very ill?" asked Mr. Wolf.

'"No," I said, "is he?"

'"Yes, and he wants you to see him," exclaimed Mr. Wolf.

'"All right," said I, "I will," muttering to myself, "I've got more sense in my head than Mr. Lion thinks."

'Standing at the mouth of the cave, I asked him how he felt. He said he felt very ill and wanted cheering up. On seeing the crafty look on his face, I asked him politely to excuse me for not going in, as I had seen footprints going into the den but none coming out.

'"The greedy tike," I thought to myself. "Oh, must n't his belly be full! Perhaps he has got the wolf, hare, squirrel, and all the animals in the wood, but he will never have the fox. I suppose all the animals took all that rubbish in he told them and did n't see the trick. What, my Great, Great Aunt's son, that foolish one, had more sense than these animals."'

The writer tells us that 'The Rabbits and the Dog' was written by a nine-year-old rebel 'who lived in a wilderness of women.' If we interpret the story symbolically—the women being the rabbits and he, the lone dog—the whole thing takes on a sinister aspect. But the freshness of expression will put many an adult writer to shame:—

'One dark night some rabbits were feasting merrily when one of them stood up and he said be quiet there is some danger around here, all got very excited. Not a moment had gone when soft footsteps were heard. Said Tiny to Tommy: I know who that is prowling round here, all of them listened eagerly. He is the farmer's bulldog, and if he gets hold of us he'll crunch us up greedily. All grew very quiet, you could have heard a pin drop. Suddenly one rabbit said there's a trap what Snowy was caught in. Snap, Snap went the trap. Grr—gr—gr—growled the dog, and he died and the rabbits went home safely.'

That imitations are not necessarily sterile is proved by the following London street cries, written after a sixteenth-century Italian model:—

'Old iron, old iron, any old iron, rags, bottles, and jars.
Any old iron or rags, bottles and jars.
Bottles and jars, any old iron or rags.
Dust on the iron and dust on the jars.
I'll only have iron, rags, bottles, and jars.
Old iron, old iron, any old iron, rags, bottles, and jars.
I'll buy iron for sixpence, rags for eightpence, jars for twopence, and bottles for fourpence.
Any old iron, rags, bottles, and jars.'

Just as nature abhors a vacuum, so does the child's mind rebel against abstraction. Realism, however,—the realism of poets and children,—does not exclude the fantastic; it merely lends it precision of contour and color. Originality of vision, the power to imagine vividly make 'The Spider and the Fly' unique:—

'"Come into my parlor," said the spider to the fly.

'"No, thanks," replied the fly, "I'm not so silly as all that."

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'"Come into my parlor and have tea," said the spider, getting nearer every time.

'"Go out of it, long-shanks," laughed the fly, going backwards.

'"I don't want to eat you," quoth the spider.

'"You want me for your tea," said the fly, slyly.

'"You'd make me sick if I ate you," replied the spider.

'"Would I, you old lump of jelly?" laughed the fly.

'"Got you," shouted the spider, making a dash after him.

'"No, you ain't, you old monkey," said the fly, flying away. "Good-by!"'

The reverse situation is presented in 'A Donkey and a Carrot,' in which the little fellow falls prey to that big bully, the donkey:—

'"Hallo, Daddy Donkey," said the Carrot, "how are you gee-ing on?"

'"Eee-au, Eee-au, Eee-au, Ee-au," said the Donkey.

'"I suppose that means, very well thank you?" said the Carrot.

'"No," said the Donkey, "it means in your language, mind your own business, else I'll eat you. That's what it means. Got it?"

'"Yes," said the Carrot, "I've got it."

'"Well, hold it tight," said the Donkey.

'"But do tell me how—"

'"You're in for it now," said the Donkey.

'"No, have mercy, have mercy upon me," said the Carrot. "You see, you are so peculiar you know, the most peculiar animal I have ever seen."

'"I don't see anything peculiar about me," said the Donkey.

'"There is," said the Carrot. "You make that awful noise, worse than a cat's chorus. And then you eat us poor little shrimps, like an elephant to a mouse."

'"Hallo," said the Donkey, "the dinner bell is ringing. I must eat you now. Good-by!"

'"Good-by!" squeaked the Carrot.'

A six-year-old girl wrote this 'essay' entitled 'If I Had Sixpence':—

'I would give twopence to buy my baby a bar of chocolate. And with twopence I would buy a ball and go to the park. And give a penny to a poor man. And spend the other penny.'

A Communist on Joyce

THE All-Union Writers' Congress has witnessed many revaluations, particularly of foreign writers, and the name of James Joyce provoked the most heated debate of any. Karl Radek, with his usual ruthlessness, expressed the opinion that Joyce's defects so overbalanced his merits that he could be safely rejected *in toto*. Others, however, held more moderate—and, we believe, fairer—views, notably V. Gertsfelde, a Soviet critic whose speech we reproduce below:—

'Joyce's method is definitely experimental, and we cannot deny the writer the right to experiment, even if we question the value of his experimentation. Joyce's method, which is very unusual both from the æsthetic and the intellectual point of view, has led to the formation of a school in which we must include the names of such writers as John Dos Passos. Radek is entirely justified in saying that this school is a dangerous one, not because its teachings are petty, stupid, or inadequate—as one might suppose from Comrade Radek's report—but, on the contrary, because this school has so much to offer.

'What, then, is the danger? It consists in this: though one may learn a great deal, one may also unlearn many valuable things in Joyce's school. For instance, a devotee of Joyce who wishes to describe his hero looking out a window will no longer rest content with the following sentence: "Leaning on the window sill, he looked out over the immensity of the fields. Everything irritated him—that house over there, the fact that the peasants had set fire to the forest, the shed

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on Krivaia Street that blocked his view, and the fact that he himself was as irritable and cross as a doddering, finicky old man." The Joycean writer would have his hero looking at the fields and examining his own consciousness at the same time. He would attempt to fathom the phrase, "everything irritated him," and he would relinquish the false simile of the old man for a concrete figure of an irritable man looking out of the window.

'This sort of training is excellent; it becomes dangerous only when the writer devotes himself exclusively to "internal painting," when the search for the precise leads him to the incomprehensible, and when he discards the logic of syntax merely because no such logic exists in the kaleidoscope of a man's mind, nerves, and soul.

'This danger, moreover, is far greater to the western than to the Soviet writer, who is shielded by the Marxist point of view and the intense control of the reading public over its writers. The danger is not that the writer's mind will focus on the dung-heap—or, to put it more subtly—on the "inner life." Joyce's vision of man is not the result of his artistic method; rather has the method developed as the most adequate tool to reveal man as Joyce sees him. This conception, moreover, is the direct result of the capitalist system, the details of which Joyce presents so profusely without ever revealing the forces at work behind the scenes. But, if Comrade Radek thinks that Joyce's method is suitable only to the Joycean concept and discards the form with the matter, he is making a mistake. There is unquestionably a relation between the two, but it cannot be expressed by a simple equation sign. And it is far more important to cast light on the social influences at work on Joyce's art.

'These influences are very complicated. The power of the bourgeoisie to-day is largely dependent on its ability to hide behind a screen of pseudo-democracy, religion, and mysticism. In the realm of ideas this smoke-screening is carried out to a high degree of perfection. The bourgeoisie succeeded in transforming science and art into a mystery; consequently, scientists and artists become "neutral" people whose mysterious and spiritual depths no ordinary mortal can fathom. These men were placed above the slings and arrows of the populace; only their peers practising the same specialty could hope to judge them.

'Several of these priests recognized Joyce—we know that from the press. The readers who were not content with half-baked critiques had to admit that, if they did not understand Joyce, they had only their own ignorance to blame. And, indeed, they did not have the Joycean microscope at their disposal. In this way, the orders of the bourgeoisie are carried out. A writer produces a book that the initiated alone may evaluate. Many admirers of James Joyce will find the Fascist "Leader" idea right after their own hearts.

'We see competitive conditions increasing day by day. The tendency toward specialization grows more pronounced, transforming the artist into a snob, for under the capitalist system it is not only difficult but unprofitable to strive toward artistic completeness. The revelation of men in relation to the outside world, in relation to the past and the future, is undesirable from the bourgeois point of view. If light must be cast, then let it be the light of a projector, which does not illuminate but blinds. In this way Joyce acquires social significance. He promises his audience that he will lead them to the depths that they long to fathom, but he excludes those things the penetration of which might lead to the revolution.'

V. Gertsfelde does not, however, challenge Joyce's sincerity and artistic integrity. Though he may serve the bourgeoisie by his partial presentation of contemporary life and his failure to use his art for the revolutionary movement, still does he show the decay of the present system.

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Though his microscope limits its field, it penetrates and reveals the disease that ails our world. In this way it may turn other, younger writers toward the revolution, and Joyce's supreme artistry may yet serve the cause of the proletariat. V. Gertsfelde's point of view is not unique; it expresses a Soviet tendency that the growing power of Fascism has intensified—the willingness to accept as friends those who are not enemies, though they be not Communists.

Nazi Movies Through Russian Eyes

NO THEORETICAL discussion of what ails the German cinema can be half so convincing as Dmitri Bukhartsev's factual description of its achievements, appearing in *Izvestia:*—

'The exponents of National-Socialist *Kultur* tried to create a monumental production of their own, *Horst Wessel*, which lingered very briefly on the screen because of its total lack of ideas. Even a comparatively simple film dealing with last year's party congress at Nürnberg proved a complete dud. Thousands of people with torchlights paraded up and down the Berlin streets, portraying "the beatitude of the masses," but the picture failed because it offered nothing except "the beatitude of the masses" and the beating of drums.

'Since the National-Socialist Party came into power, the German movie industry made no progress over that accursed, shameful epoch of "Marxist-liberalism." *The Double Groom*, *Her Excellency's Daughters*, *Gladly Did I Kiss the Ladies*, *Sylva*, an old operetta fairly competently made into a talking picture, National-Socialist war films, murder and detective stories—such is the German movie-goer's fare. Naturally, these meagre courses demand abundant additions.

'The German who frequents the movies is, first of all, compelled to sit through a series of advertisements praising the latest achievements of the ladies' underwear industry, extolling a new café-chantant, or urging the spectator to sacrifice from his pocketbook for the benefit of the forthcoming political campaign. Next follows a *Kulturfilm*, which in all justice should be praised as one of the finest achievements of the German movie industry. Indeed, the Ministry of Education is thinking of using some of these films in its schools to replace textbooks, particularly in geography, natural science, and similar subjects. The teachers will have to pass certain tests, which will show whether or not they are competent to use this new sort of schoolbook. It is an experiment that should be tried in our own country. The German *Kulturfilm* is generally composed of airplane shots of the flora, fauna, and customs of the Balkan countries and the colonies that once belonged to Germany. Some films also show very interesting pictures of industry, the manufacture of cameras, for example.

'Next follows the newsreel. The German section gives the leaders' speeches, the dedication of monuments, Storm-Troop demonstrations, and so on, vigorously punctuated with mass shouting, "*heils*," and the beating of drums. The German temperament has cooled off recently, and rarely do you hear anyone break into weak applause. The foreign section is full of trash of all sorts, but very often realistic pictures show Communist uprisings, the shooting of strikers, etc. A short time ago the German newsreels were showing the American police force being trained in the use of gas bombs against strikers. The moral: how quiet it is in our own German land, and what turmoil reigns there where we are not. At last the spectator reaches the main course and for an hour and a half watches a film in which people fall in love, deceive, separate, and finally unite again.

'Every now and then, however, superior attempts to present social themes are made, attempts that attest to the intellectual bankruptcy of the directors.

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The usual subject is not too complicated: even under capitalism a worker can become an engineer or a bank director. All he has to do is obey orders and work hard. But there are two films now running in Berlin that deserve attention, if only because they combine wonderful technique and acting with the most extraordinary ideological inadequacy. The first of these is called *The Master of the World* and deals with the robot theme. Here is the way it goes:—

'The president of a coal-mining company dreams of installing robots in his mines in order to free the workers from their heavier tasks and bring added advantages to "all." In the laboratory, however, the professor who works on the technical application of the idea has other ends in view. He not only creates worker-robots but a giant-robot, a powerful electrotank to control the thousands of workers who are to be thrown out into the street because of this innovation. When the president of the company learns of the professor's creation, he becomes justly indignant and demands that "the master of the world" be killed, but instead the professor kills the liberal president with rays emanating from the robot-tank. The board of directors passes a resolution introducing the robot system and discharging human laborers, and the new president rubs his hands at the thought of the money to be made by this piece of rationalization.

'The next scene takes place at the factory gates where the workers are gathered and a young engineer, loyal to the dead president, is protesting against this injustice. The professor tries to kill him with the robot-tank's rays, but the president's widow, who has by this time fallen in love with the engineer, saves his life. "The master of the world" kills the professor, his creator, and wanders aimlessly about, causing explosions wherever he goes, and finally blows up together with the factory. All this ends in a beautiful apotheosis: robots work in the factory [we assume it has been rebuilt] under the direction of a central electrical plant, and the human workers are all happy.

'But how do the clever authors of this film solve the knotty problem of unemployment and happiness among the workers? They could think of nothing better than the method now actually used in Germany, the so-called "liquidation" of unemployment. The film ends with an idyllic picture of the former miner ploughing, sowing, and raising pigs. The robot has actually conquered the worker, although the engineer keeps reiterating throughout the film that human labor will be reinstated. In other words, "the master of the world" emerges victorious.

'The second film that deserves mention is a movie version of the stage play, *Noise about Iolanthe*. Iolanthe is a kulak's sow, which has won a prize at the hog show. It is the pride of the village. On general principle the kulak refuses to pay his taxes, and the sow is mortgaged. After many vicissitudes the sow is saved and returned to her owner. The problem is not too complicated, but the funniest part deals with the young teacher who tries to reconcile the village and the city in true National-Socialist style. The farmers make fun of him and marry him off to the miller's daughter; thus ends the teacher's "reconciliation" with the country proletariat.

'The screen fades out, lights appear in the theatre, newsboys shout in the streets and remind the theatre-goer of hard, everyday reality.

'The position of the German film industry is symptomatic of the general level of those "cultural achievements" that the National-Socialist press furiously proclaims. Even with a medium so comparatively simple, so accessible to the masses as the movies, National-Socialism has given nothing. In this land that enjoys such wonderful technique and the great culture of past years every attempt at the simplest statement of a social theme ends in fiasco.'

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

'BUSINESS FORECASTING,' far from being a science with any valid claim to predict future trends, amounts to little more than the art of plausible guessing, with or without the aid of statistics. This, substantially, is the conclusion of Professor Edwin B. Wilson of the Harvard School of Public Health, in an address, 'Are There Periods in American Business Activity?' delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science and published in a recent issue of *Science*.

Professor Wilson begins by pointing out that the fundamental problem in the study of any complex series of events, such as weather, rainfall, wholesale prices, or stock and bond movements, is to determine 'whether the behavior of phenomena is no more than might be expected of a chance series.' In other words, if, in a long series of throws a coin begins to run heads in sequence, are we justified in predicting a similar run at the termination of a second long series of throws, and a third, fourth, etc.? For the statistician (and increasingly for the scientist in every field) phenomena must be studied with reference to the factor of probability; if the events are of a recurring type, forecasts or predictions can have scientific validity only to the extent that it has been possible to discover periodicities, as with the seasons, the tides, or the properties of chemical elements. Much the same point was emphasized by Bassett Jones in his provocative article on 'Science and Economics,' which appeared last year in THE LIVING AGE: 'A scientific theory,' he wrote, 'is a logically related group of propositions as to the relational orders found to endure in a certain class of facts.'

Asking himself the question, 'Are periodic elements discoverable in those groups of phenomena making up our industrial and business cycles?' Professor Wilson carefully analyzes 'the longest index of business activity we have'—that of Leonard Ayres. Despite the fact that this series of records covers, by months, a period of 140 years, from 1790 to the present, it was discovered, through the application of Sir Arthur Schuster's 'periodogram analysis,' 'that there were peaks in the curve suggestive of periods of business activity, but that these peaks were not in the same places for the whole data . . . indicating that at best there might be no sufficient definiteness and constancy of the periods to make them useful for forecasting.' It is true that the time covered by the records is much too short to permit of sound inferences and that a few minor predictions were based on it (predictions, moreover, which have led to no adequate control over current conditions or future trends); the stubborn fact remains that not even an elementary criterion of the known fluctuations has been developed. Thus, in the 42 complete swings from peak to peak that Professor Wilson discovered in Ayres's Index, one swing required an average of 40 months, but this average varied from a few months to eight years! To understand what this enormous margin of doubt means, imagine a navigator attempting to make port on the basis of tidal forecasts from two to twelve hours wrong . . . Professor Wilson minces no words: 'We infer,' he writes, 'that there is no more and no less periodicity in Ayres's Index of American Business Activity than there is in a random rearrangement of its component individual full swings.'

EQUALLY SKEPTICAL of the value of so-called business forecasts were S. L. Andrew and H. M. Flinn, statistical experts of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. And Alfred Cowles, 3rd, reporting in the official journal of the Econometric Society, was even more emphatic: he deliberately stated that professional forecasts of stock-market trends

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were actually worse than random guesswork. Inevitably, this brings to mind the astounding performances in this field of Irving Fisher, to say nothing of recent efforts to predict a 'Coming American Boom.' With respect to Fisher, the following comment by Professor Wilson is so revealing and constitutes so severe a criticism of the works and ways of the 'economystics' that it is worth giving in full:—

'So far as I can see, Fisher in 1929 missed foreseeing in any respect the greatest economic disturbance of this country, possibly the greatest of a century. He "explained away" the stock-market crash; he did not see what it meant. It is difficult to see how anybody could have been much more wrong. Neither statistics nor economic theory saved him, indeed it is difficult to avoid the impression that his statistics and his economic theory did but serve to blind him the more completely to what was impending. If he were so wrong then, what is the chance that he is right now, when the New Era economist has become a New Deal economist and when he who was so loudly assuring us of the permanently high level of stock prices has become as loud an advocate of reflation? And what but discouragement can this kind of behavior be to social science or to those social scientists who believe that valid science, that science which is real science, whether in the social field or any other, must have some relation to what happens somewhere else than in the mind of him who elaborates it?'

THAT HAY FEVER is not a fever at all but a consequence of an excessive loss of body heat through dilated blood vessels or impaired blood circulation is one of those paradoxes in which the medical sciences abound. Dr. Harry S. Bernton, of the Georgetown University Medical School, in a recent 'Science-Service Radio Talk,' thus explains what happens to people whose nervous system 'can't take it'—whether from pollen and other toxic irritants or from sudden changes in external temperature:—

'When cold air strikes the skin, there is an immediate loss of heat. The warmer body radiates its heat to the colder environment. One of nature's inexorable laws is the conservation of body heat. This is effected by the contraction or shutting down of the blood vessels in the skin—a mechanism that is quite analogous to shutting off the heat from a radiator by closing the valve. A diminished volume of blood now courses through the skin, whereas the excess of blood finds its way in part into the mucous membrane of the nose. Herein'—note the mechanical ingenuity of the device—'herein are located the so-called turbinate tissues or "swell bodies," which act very much like the ordinary sponge. Their volume varies with the volume of contained fluid. The engorgement of the turbinate causes the familiar sniffing, and the consequent pressure upon the nerve endings in the nasal mucous membrane gives rise to sneezing . . . The congestion of the "swell bodies," irrespective of cause, is indicated by sneezing, fullness of the nose, and nasal discharge. These reactions of the nasal tissues are more marked in the case of hay-fever subjects due to impairment of nerve functions. Therefore, the effects and symptoms are more lasting than in the normal person.'

BODY TEMPERATURE, its conservation, mechanism, and the disturbances to which it is subject, is so vital in the whole life process that a lucid and detailed account of it by a thoroughly qualified authority should be welcome. Such an account is to be found in the first Lettsomian Lecture of 1934, delivered before the Medical Society of London by Dr. C. E. Lakin, a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons. Under the heading, 'Combustion and Heat Production: Some Elementary Considerations,' the British medical journal called the *Lancet* thus reports

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Dr. Lakin's admirably clear presentation of basic physiological facts:—

'When a candle burns in an enclosed space occupied by air, the air loses some of its oxygen, becomes richer in water vapor and carbon dioxide, and also becomes hotter. This latter fact is simply an example of the universal law that no change, chemical or physical, can take place without energy being either absorbed or liberated in the process. In the example we have chosen, energy is set free in the form of light and heat. Even when iron rusts, a little heat is produced, but so slowly that it is dissipated before it can heat the iron. Similarly, when we breathe in air, the oxygen is taken up by the hæmoglobin of the blood and carried to the tissues where the oxygen joins with the protoplasm of the tissue cells, with the result that the heat accompanying this chemical change is sufficient to keep our bodies warm even on a cold day.

'To continue the comparison, the air we breathe out is warmer and more moist and contains less oxygen and more carbon dioxide than the air we breathe in. If this were all that happened, the cell protoplasm would soon become deprived of its carbon, but there is a constant supply of fuel in the form of carbon compounds arriving from the alimentary tract. The complex molecules contained in food are broken down in the process of digestion into simpler constituents, which, after absorption, are built up into the protoplasm of cells: where, again by a process of oxidation [burning], they provide a constant supply of heat and energy. This cellular activity we speak of as metabolism. In states of heightened metabolism more heat is produced, while in conditions of lowered metabolism the production of heat is lessened. The functional activity of the thyroid and adrenal glands plays a further part in influencing metabolism and heat regulation. It may be said that energy is used up every time a muscular action is performed, every time the stomach digests or the brain thinks.'

BECOMING MORE SPECIFIC, Dr. Lakin discusses the heat and energy producing capacities of different parts of the human body. He cites Dr. Pembrey's figures showing that, of a total of about 1,700 kilogram calories of heat produced daily by an average male adult in repose, the distribution works out as follows; from the heart, 70 calories; respiratory (breathing) muscles, 150 calories; liver, 368 calories; kidneys, 74 calories. Remaining over are about 1,000 calories, and these are inferred to be produced almost entirely in the major network of skeletal muscles. But, although the muscles appear to be responsible for the largest absolute quantity of heat (and energy), relatively to their weight they are much less active as heat producers than, for example, the glands, which make up only about 4 per cent of the body's weight yet play so vital a rôle in maintaining what Professor W. B. Cannon has called the *homeostasis* (balance) of the body processes. As for the factor of 'efficiency' (the amount of heat actually transformed into useful work) Dr. Lakin states 'that about 5 per cent of the total heat loss is expended in warming the food and inspired air, about 15 per cent in the evaporation of water and carbon dioxide in the respiration, and about 80 per cent by radiation and convection and the evaporation of sweat from the skin' (compare this last figure with what has been said above on hay fever). As a result of all these technical heat losses it would appear that a man doing only a moderate amount of work has available for this work only about one-twentieth, or five per cent, of his total metabolic energy on a daily basis.

THE PROBLEM, 'Is energy consumed in mental effort?'—as contrasted with physiological effort—has recently been thoroughly canvassed by Dr. Francis G. Benedict and Mrs. Benedict. Dr. Benedict, one of America's best known and most competent authorities on physiology, is director of the Nutrition Laboratories

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of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, under whose auspices he has conducted many notable researches. In an experimental study on 'Energy Consumption in Physical and Mental Effort' the Benedicts have reached the rather surprising conclusion that 'mental effort, *per se*, is without significant influence upon the energy metabolism' of the human machine. It is important that this statement be correctly understood in order to avoid the further—and quite unscientific—conclusion that there is any form of effort (in this case mental) that can be effected without the expenditure of energy, however slight. What the Benedicts set out to do was to determine, on the basis of carefully controlled metabolic experiments, what effects mental effort had upon the heart rate, respiration, oxygen and carbon dioxide factors, and general heat production. Seven subjects, one a woman, were tested in each of three states: awake but mentally vacuous; with reasonable mental attention; and during sustained, intense mental effort. The Benedicts thus summarize their results:—

'From a consideration of the various factors measured in our investigation it is concluded that sustained, intense mental effort causes an increase in heart rate; an insignificant, hardly measurable increase in respiration rate; a marked alteration in the character of the respiration; a considerable increase in the apparent total ventilation of the lungs; a small increase in the carbon dioxide exhalation; a smaller increase (on the average, 4 per cent) in the oxygen consumption and heat production; and a slight increase in the apparent respiratory quotient.'

Bear in mind that all of the above changes are physico-chemical in nature and as such testify to very definite energy transformations initiated by sustained mental effort. The fact that these changes express themselves through physiological processes, however slight and insignificant in themselves, and that they are often followed by what the Benedicts describe as an 'almost overpowering fatigue in both mind and body following sustained intellectual activity' simply demonstrates that, in respect to work performed, the brain is as definitely an energy-consuming device as are the muscles, glands, stomach, or the nerves. What we do not yet understand (Dr. and Mrs. Benedict are quite clear about this) is how the brain can accomplish so much 'activity' with so little measurable an effect upon the general metabolic processes of the entire body. The fact that the energy content of half a peanut, or a gram of cane sugar, or 1½ grams of white bread, or in 4 grams of a banana is sufficient to provide the brain with driving power for 30 minutes is remarkable enough. The more significant fact is that even this minute amount of energy will carry no further than half an hour, unless the effort be slowed down meanwhile.

FURTHER DATA on the influence of climate over health (discussed last month in this department) was presented by Professor C. A. Mills before the American Medical Association meeting in Philadelphia. Professor Mills has shown that, of every 100 cases of acute appendicitis handled in hospitals, the fatality rate is almost twice as high in the South as in the North, due primarily to the lowered resistance caused by moist heat. Similar climatic correlations are believed to prevail in acute nephritis, tuberculosis, colds, and certain kidney troubles. The answer—as Professor Mills suggests—is to install proper air-conditioning plants in hospitals and sanatoria, with further provision for the control of atmospheric pressure in such cases as it would benefit. Assuming that all these changes are made (and they would be very costly), there would still remain—as Dr. McKinley pointed out—the 'factor of nutrition' and of general economic security. Against these the medical profession, working alone, is helpless.

—HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Canada Takes Over the U. S. A.

COLONEL SIR THOMAS A. POLSON, K.B.E., C.M.G., has contributed a brief essay in historical prophecy to the *Saturday Review* of London entitled 'Why Canada Leads the Americas.' With the full weight of a retired British cavalry officer, he ridicules the idea that the United States will ever annex Canada but prophesies instead the possibility that Canada will have to take over the U. S. A. Here are his concluding paragraphs:—

How right was Bismarck when he insisted that only by consideration of the 'imponderables' could future events be foreseen and advantage wrested for one's own country. To many, balanced against the solid weight of bar gold, the sense of nationality and of tradition may seem an 'imponderable' indeed; yet it was this sense alone that made Marathon famous and glorified the manhood of Albert, King of the Belgians. And it is this sense that is the strength of the Dominions of the British Empire. The old European countries were welded into nations by common dangers and by warfare long withstood; the new countries, lacking the pressure, cannot attain the cohesion. For the United States, the lack is probably permanent, but the Imperial Dominions have inherited national sense, and the links of Empire have nurtured it, while the new lands have, at the same time, bestowed upon them a new, strong freedom.

It is not the fate of Canada with her slower, deeper growth to 'go up like the rocket and come down like the stick.' She has no negro problem, nor has one of *her* cities become a byword throughout the world. Toronto and Montreal cannot claim the fame (?) of Chicago or the political scandals of New York. Instead of these, Canada possesses in her eastern provinces a sturdy, rooted population of men to whom the ancient virtues of *civitas* are not unknown. Her history has not been, like that of her neighbor, simply a long series of 'booms' and 'depressions' with their resultant social instability, and her vast natural wealth has even yet been but partially explored.

The ultimate fate of the United States has yet to be outlined, but that which is looser and less stable cannot absorb that which is rooted and has permanency and lacks not one whit of the former's material power. Were a reverse of such a situation suggested, it would be less surprising; and England's daughters may well inherit the mother country's capacity for surprise, last-minute, but enduring, triumphs.

Laski on Sinclair

HAROLD LASKI has recently devoted one of his weekly 'Pen Portraits' in the *Daily Herald* of London to a sketch of Upton Sinclair, to whom he pays tribute as the Democratic candidate for governor of California:—

Heaven knows that he has grave faults. He is vain, he is theatrical, he is quarrelsome. He fights wildly sometimes. He tends to think that an honest critic is a dubious enemy. He is something of an artist in attitudes; he tends to live his private emotions in public. There is a real sense in which he is still, in late middle age, the playboy of the western world of journalism. He tends to confuse his private autobiography with historic events.

When all this is said, the American people owe him a very great debt. It is impossible not to respect his courage. It is

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impossible not to admire the relentless energy he has put into his muck-raking campaigns. It is impossible not to admire the endless and remarkable patience that has gone into the accumulation of material for those campaigns. It is doing him no more than bare justice to say that upon half a dozen vital themes he has compelled the American public to pay attention to serious grievance; and upon each of them the work he has done was the inescapable basis of all subsequent investigation. All in all, he has an assured place in American history by a career worthy to rank with that of men like William Lloyd Garrison. It took the same kind of courage that Garrison displayed on behalf of the slaves to take the risks that Upton Sinclair has taken.

But Mr. Laski doubts that Mr. Sinclair will be able to accomplish much if he is elected:—

If he did win, I imagine that there would develop a grave reaction against radical ideas, which would harm them for a decade. No spectacular campaign by an individual, however picturesque, can ever compensate for the slow and persistent education of a party.

Sinclair has at least shown how thoroughly dissatisfied the ordinary American is with the present position. He has thrown a fierce light on the complete unreality of party divisions in the United States. The response to his candidature is inexplicable otherwise. All the 'solid' elements are against him. He has not a single newspaper. He has not a word of support from the President whose announced supporter he is. Finance, most of the churches, Babbitt and his masters are all shrieking against his radical viciousness. Yet he has terrified them into realizing that he may win.

The real implication of this most remarkable of his many remarkable experiences is that the labor forces of America should learn the lesson of it. The time is ripe in America for a great party of the Left. Mr. Roosevelt's 'forgotten man' is beginning to remember himself. He has been asleep ever since the progressive movement of twenty years ago. He has awakened into a new world. He is becoming conscious of the vast changes in the landscape. He is eager, angry, anxious, disillusioned. Radicals who know their job could make of this temper the foundations of a new America.

A Russian on the A. L. L.

LEST the Russians be led astray by high-sounding phrases, P. Lapinski explains the American Liberty League to the reader of *Izvestia*:—

The American Liberty League symbolizes the mobilization that is taking place among the most militant groups of trust capitalism. The League intends 'to fight radicalism, defend property rights, and uphold the Constitution.' We may glean an idea of what the League means by 'upholding the Constitution' from the words of one of its founders, who said that the purpose of the League is 'struggle against all measures opposing the principles that guided the United States during its prosperity and splendor, a time when no other country in the world could equal it.' Of course, the 'Constitution' is the pen name used by various forms of trust monopoly and the rugged individualism made famous by Hoover and Coolidge.

The League does not intend to limit itself to the upper strata of society; it aims to conquer the masses. As that same founder of the League said, 'It proposes to unite the millions of people from different classes of society who have no organizational influence whatever on American legislation as it stands to-day.' This proclamation is strangely reminiscent of various European attempts to call together the unaffiliated, politically negative masses and contains even a hint of Fascism. The League is obviously trying to crystallize the Right-wing elements in

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both ruling parties, Democratic and Republican. It is interesting that the leaders of the League include prominent people from both these parties, although Right-wing Democrats determine the general tone. The man who directed the Right wing of the Democratic Party during the 1932 convention, when Alfred Smith was opposing Roosevelt's candidacy, are League leaders to-day, and Smith himself plays the chief rôle.

After discussing the personalities of Du Pont, John Davis, and Al Smith, the writer concludes as follows:—

The formation of the League bears witness to the political uncertainty of the United States, and it proves that reorganization among former party elements is inevitable. The breaking of traditional party lines began when the League was founded, though the importance of its rôle should not be exaggerated. The old parties and their machines are expiring. Fascist elements are insidiously creeping into the political life of that huge country, unseen, to be sure, but none the less real. The most concrete symptoms of this process are the unprecedented importance of the Executive and the tremendous growth of government interference in economic affairs and social relations, the relations between capital and labor in particular. Secretary Wallace made a vague statement the other day about something in the way of a 'corporate' state. All kinds of petty reactionary organizations are showing new signs of life. We hear more and more about the possible suppression of the Communist Party, the possible deportation of various 'Red aliens,' and so forth. But all this is only the beginning of a complicated process that is destined to follow a zigzag path, which may lead to a sort of rivalry and struggle between 'Left-wing' and Right-wing Fascism. The tempo of this development will depend on the economic situation in the near future and the intensity of the class struggle. The formation of the League is not a historic landmark, but it is unquestionably a symptom of the critical situation of the United States to-day.

Roosevelt and Haiti

WHILE the liberal press of the United States hails Roosevelt's good-neighbor policy in Haiti and other Latin-American lands, a contributor to the *Repertorio Americano*, published in Costa Rica, criticizes the President's recent visit to the Caribbean and warns the foes of imperialism against falling for the New Deal:—

The oval traced by President Roosevelt's political itinerary in an awe-inspiring and safe warship represents a zone of influence that Yankee imperialism must make visible in this era of the good neighbor. The President sailed from Annapolis, a seminary where cadets are trained to take possession of pan-Americanized nations at a moment's notice, and he was soon within reach of the imperialist 'possessions' in the Caribbean, where Haiti, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands entertained the curiosity of the sheltered visitor. As the cruiser dropped anchor in each port, the highest functionary of the empire set foot on soil that is ruled with ignominy and dishonor.

The spirit of the free man suffers when his injuries are thus glorified, and he cannot succumb to the wretched illusion that representatives of Yankee power travel for the sake of liberating other peoples. Only essentially political calculations impel such officials to visit countries that are besieged and defeated by a multitude of their imperialist agents. They invent new treaties with impressive names and repeat that the United States wishes to maintain relations with these countries based on friendship and understanding. President Roosevelt, of the good-

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neighbor relations, wanted also to startle us with pomp and circumstance and sought refuge for his imposing person beneath the guns of a cruiser.

Although a superficial judgment would indicate that his journey had an anti-imperialist character and augured beneficial changes, he who aspires to become a tireless fighter against imperialism must keep sharper vigilance than ever and expose the hypocrisy of the new tactics. Roosevelt arrives in Haiti when the marines are about to leave the land they have occupied for twenty years. It is the first stop on the presidential voyage. He arrogantly strolls through the streets of Cape Haiti and promises to withdraw the marines, but he does not solve the immense problem of Haiti—the land that has been seized and exploited by Yankee imperialism. A voracious concern with unlimited power, the Haitian-American Sugar Company, is the lord of the sugar monopoly and rules over a great territory comprising the best arable lands. When the Haitian freed himself from French colonial imperialism, he prohibited the foreign ownership of land and thus protected a sugar and rum industry of great resources. He also protected a highly developed agriculture that produced fine cane on soil irrigated by ingenious and extensive canals. But when the marines, with sword and fire, cut through legislative barriers, the Haitian-American Sugar Company arrived to seize all the land and industries as part of the programme of imperialist expansion and organized the most horrible peonage on a reduced territory. The Haitian is the Yankee's serf. He is enslaved by this company, which owns twenty miles of railroads extending over twenty-five thousand acres of flourishing cane fields. We are speaking here of the Haitian worker, the peon, who is plunged into the most abject misery. Ten thousand of them are in peonage to this company alone.

Furthermore, all the remaining agriculture is under Yankee control. The Haitian is left without a decent refuge. A tenant farmer of African descent, he is an unlucky serf who has been impoverished by the occupation exercised without a break for twenty years. Those who praise imperialism credit it with great civilizing achievements. They speak of the admirable sanitation projects carried out by the Yankee engineer and the thousands of miles of automobile roads. They speak of the modern Port au Prince with its buildings, streets, and excellent port. They would have us see the salvation of Haiti in the murderous work of imperialism. But everything of value built by the Yankee is for his own exclusive use. Haiti is a factory, and every improvement has merely served to subsidize imperialism.

The imperialist Yankee has not left his work of twenty years' sinister occupation exposed to danger. He is withdrawing the marines, but he is entrusting the defense of his booty to marines organized by him. Haiti also has its constabulary, two thousand native soldiers led by trained Americans. They have been instructed in Yankee style, and their uniform and drill are those of the marines. We can see the same organization in Nicaragua, for it is in these troops that imperialism finds its darkest and most effective shelter.

The good-neighbor policy is essentially pure imperialism. The second Roosevelt is not the man to relinquish conquests of empire. He has invented a new tune with which to charm us into a stupor propitious to conquest. Let us see the real condition of each enslaved nation. Let us discover Haiti after twenty years of abominable military occupation. Let us not be taken in by the withdrawal of the marines. They go, but they leave a country exhausted, defenseless, miserable, enslaved, and without means of revival. Look at Puerto Rico, a nation that cannot defend itself because it is impoverished and in misery. The reality is terrifying.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

PEACE BY REVOLUTION. *By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: Columbia University Press. 1933. $3.50.*

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA. *By Harry F. Guggenheim. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.*

HERE are two books on our nearest Latin-American neighbors—Cuba and Mexico—that will be of interest to students of those countries but that may prove as disappointing as many others that stand unread on the shelves of public libraries. Mr. Tannenbaum's engaging title defines his main contention in regard to Mexico: he first gives a running account of the forces at work in the agrarian, anti-imperialist movement that began in 1910 and then, in a section entitled 'Peace,' describes some aspects of the present government of Mexico. Except for a chapter dealing with capital and labor, however, one feels that the author has merely stated a great many generalities that are unsubstantiated by facts. The lack of concrete information as well as the failure to question whether the forces that led to the 'revolution' may not yet disturb the 'peace' detracts from an interesting, if rather subjective, analysis.

Mr. Tannenbaum glides over the crucial point of the relations between Mexico and the United States. Mr. Guggenheim, on the other hand, devotes his much smaller volume to this problem in regard to Cuba. As American Ambassador in Havana from November, 1929, to April, 1933, he is in an excellent position to present the attitude of the State Department on Cuba, which he does ably and with a great deal of valuable information. It is half the story, but well told.

J. G.

RED MEDICINE: SOCIALIZED HEALTH IN SOVIET RUSSIA. *By Sir Arthur Newsholme and John Adams Kingsbury. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co. 1933. $2.50.*

THE investigation so capably reported in this volume was prompted by the desire of the Milbank Memorial Fund to complete its already exhaustive studies of medico-social activities abroad by the inclusion of Soviet Russia. The two authors—one a highly trained physician, the other experienced in many kinds of social work, and both keenly interested in medical progress—spent about six weeks in Russia in 1932, traveling and observing intensively. *Red Medicine* tells what they found and does so with admirable constraint and fairness. Most important are the chapters discussing women, marriage, and divorce; the remarkable provisions for maternal care and the enlightened attitude toward birth control and abortion; the training of doctors (many of whom are women and exceptionally efficient); health centres for children and workers; social insurance (which is *not* paid for out of the workers' earnings); preventive medicine, especially as regards tuberculosis, cholera, and venereal diseases. The organization of hospitals and sanatoria particularly impressed the authors, accustomed to the narrower vision in other countries; and the statistical matter that they include so generously tells its own story of bitter struggle against tradition and handicaps and of gradual triumph over them. Here is a valuable study, to which the numerous fine photographs add telling arguments in support of the authors' conclusion that Soviet Russia to-day presents 'a challenge that western civilization must accept and meet.'

H. W.

WOMEN WHO WORK. *By Grace Hutchins. New York: International Publishers. 1934. $1 & $2.*

THIS latest addition to the excellent *Labor and Industry* series is of prime importance for an understanding of the way in which the depression—and, more broadly, the capitalist system—affects the working woman in the United States. Miss Hutchins is a trained research worker whose radical attitude toward social problems is the more effective because it develops logically from carefully checked facts and is devoid of sensationalism. In a dozen compact chapters she discusses the working woman on the farm, in factories and industries; in hospitals, schools, and offices; on relief and unemployed; her health, home life, and family burdens; wages and hours of labor; living conditions, strikes, and lockouts. The story is not pleasant and is relieved only by a

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chapter on 'Women in the Soviet Union' and by accounts of labor struggles for better conditions. But it is also a powerful and incisive indictment of a society that can find no other escape from the bitter contradictions of its own mismanaged physical wealth than in the slow destruction and waste of its human potentialities: here symbolized in some eleven million women ironically registered by the United States Census as 'gainfully employed.'

H. W.

HORSES AND APPLES, A STUDY OF INDEX NUMBERS. *By Bassett Jones. New York: The John Day Co. 1934. $1.*

THIS sardonic little volume by the author of *Debt and Production* behaves toward the 'classical economics' very much as the little girl in Andersen's charming fairy tale did toward that absurd king who was being clothed by the wonder-working tailors. 'But,' we may imagine Mr. Jones saying, as he proceeds with his analysis of 'average prices,' 'price levels,' 'law of supply and demand,' 'wholesale price index,' 'but this great king, Economics, has no clothes on!' The gist of Mr. Jones's critique is suggested by the title: you cannot, he says, add together so many horses and so many apples (or any other disparate groups) and get a number that makes sense, however correct the number may be mathematically. Which—he claims, with a flourish of mathematical trumpets—is precisely what is being done by such economists as Warren and Pearson, Carl Snyder and Irving Fisher. The book's chief value is that it hurls a bomb loaded with question marks into the sacred precincts of the 'price-and-profit' economics; if it succeeds in causing the defenders to quarrel among themselves, it will have done much. The intelligent lay student, however, is tantalized rather than helped by Mr. Jones's cursory and highly abstruse treatment of some of the world's greatest puzzles: a really effective treatment of the subject would require innumerable concrete examples knit together with the same resistless logic that made Copernicus and Darwin giants in their fields. Some day, too, it will be necessary to follow up this guerilla warfare against the 'economystics' by bringing into action the long range artillery of revolutionary tactics capable of advancing rational economics from the level of academic debate to the domain of actual practice. For this there is little help in mathematics and less in *Alice in Wonderland*, for which fantasy of a fellow mathematician Mr. Jones has such a keen appreciation.

H. W.

THE DECLINE OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM. *By Lewis Corey. New York: Covici Friede. 1934. $4.00.*

A HISTORY OF THE NEW DEAL. *By Louis Hacker. New York: F. S. Crofts. 1934. $1.75.*

READERS of THE LIVING AGE have reason to respect the Marxist interpretation of world affairs: events have repeatedly vindicated the articles by Ernst Henri, Palme Dutt, and Leon Trotski that have appeared in our columns. We therefore go out of our way to recommend Lewis Corey's *Decline of American Capitalism* and Louis Hacker's *History of the New Deal* as American contributions to Marxist scholarship worthy to be compared with anything that contemporary Europe has produced. Although less elegantly written and less smoothly organized than John Strachey's *Coming Struggle for Power*, Mr. Corey's book is actually a far more impressive piece of work. It is a straightforward Marxist study of modern American capitalism containing not two or three times, but at least ten times, as much research and thought as any other single volume in the field—radical or conservative. And, if it be treason on Mr. Corey's part to offer Communism as the only solution, one can only wish that the Tugwells, Wallaces, and Berles had a little more of the iron of revolt in their veins.

Mr. Hacker's book begins where Mr. Corey's leaves off. Concerned exclusively with the New Deal, it prophesies neither Communism, Fascism, nor runaway inflation, but imperialist war as the probable outcome of the failure of the Roosevelt policies. Here and there Mr. Hacker acknowledges his debt to Mr. Corey, but he has written a clearer, better-organized book, which makes its points the more effectively for its avoidance of the mechanical stylistic effects that bedevil so much of the best Marxist literature. Perhaps one reason we commend *A History of the New Deal* is that its analysis of American domestic affairs leads its author to foresee for the country exactly the same fate that we believe will be determined for us by events abroad, almost regardless of what happens at home.

Q. H.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

various separatist movements. It is a piece of economic analysis and historic prophecy worthy to rank with the writings of Ernst Henri.

GEORGE PENDLE'S discussion of 'The Two Aristocracies,' which appeared some months ago in Middleton Murry's *Adelphi*, presents a clear picture of the choice that now confronts Spain—Communism or Catholicism? Although a purely theoretical discussion, it has come to possess immediate timeliness.

ANTONIO BARBUDO'S account of his walking trip through Spain takes us to the little villages and country districts where the majority of the population lives. But we commend it chiefly as a beautiful piece of literature in its own right.

THE word 'literature' also fits the writings of Mohammed Asad, known to our older readers as Leopold Weiss. A few months ago we printed a character sketch of this former adviser to King Ibn Saud, and, since making the journey from Aleppo to Baghdad that he describes in this issue, he moved on to India. Incidentally, he is completing a book about his travels in Arabia, which he hopes to have appear in English as well as in German.

'FLAMES over Argentina' provides a kind of sequel to the two articles about Antoine Zischka's book, *La Guerre secrète pour le pétrole*, that we translated last spring and that prepared the way for the recent appearance of F. C. Hanighen's *The Secret War*. An Austrian resident of Buenos Aires describes the terrific blaze that broke out at the end of August in a big oil depot not far from the Argentine capital.

MESSRS. I. Ilf and E. Petrov provide us with a lively sample of Soviet humor, **which shows that the Russians know how to laugh at some of the attempts that have been made to adapt literature to the Five-year Plan. It tells about the vicissitudes of a Russian author who tried to present a Communist version of *Robinson Crusoe*.**

AS MOSCOW correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Paul Scheffer used to be on close terms with most of the leading personalities in the Soviet Union. When he writes of General Blücher, commander-in-chief of Russia's Far Eastern armies, he therefore speaks with authority, and it is surprising to find that a man who was thrown out of Russia after he had married a White Russian wife and who now writes the leading political articles in the most respectable Nazi daily in Berlin takes such a sympathetic attitude toward a Communist general.

EARLY in September the Saar Valley flashed into the newspaper headlines when Mr. Geoffrey G. Knox, who is governing that territory for the League of Nations, announced that 16,000 Saarlanders were receiving military training in Germany and asked for more police to supervise the plebiscite in January. As has sometimes happened before, THE LIVING AGE was so far ahead of the game with its 'Truth about the Saar' in our June issue that some of our readers may have forgotten the forces at work in that area. In this issue we therefore present a sympathetic portrait of Mr. Knox, who, according to certain Frenchmen, is making the situation look far worse than it really is.

THE sketch of Sir J. C. Bose that completes our 'Persons and Personages' not only introduces one of the greatest living scientists, it shows that a man's racial origin and the color of his skin have little to do with his intellectual abilities. Especially it makes clear that there is nothing inherently 'non-scientific' about the Indian mentality.

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